Sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 527. SATURDAY. JULY 8. 1916 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 004871

For meaning of this number see page 14.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS WASTED DAILY.

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER

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MANY of the very smartest men in town are sending us their worn-out suits to turn. We can make an old suit as good as new, and it will last just as long as if it *were* new. JOHN BULL guarantees that we make no charge unless the owner is satisfied.

We also revive, cleanse, and press a suit or overcoat for 3s. 9d. (plus 10 per cent. war increase), collection and delivery free 10 miles from Charing Cross (beyond post to us), or contract for weekly or fortnightly service. Relinings and repairs by low estimate. Write for "Valetry," our paper for smart men and women.

BRITISH
Tailoring & Repairing Co.
34 to 40 Great College Street London N.W.

Common forms of
INDIGESTION

Whatever form your indigestion may take, Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory & Moore, will relieve it. Here are a few instances:—

INDIGESTION.—"Dr Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the very best remedy I have been able to get. I have tried everything I have seen advertised, but nothing has done me any good. I dreaded to eat anything, but now one lozenge has the desired effect. I cannot praise them highly enough."

FLATULENCE.—"I am delighted to state that they are truly magical in their effect. All symptoms of flatulence, flushed cheeks, etc., after meals are now at once dispersed, also the oppressive feeling of fulness."

LONG-STANDING DYSPEPSIA WITH DISTRESSING HEARTBURN.—"The Lozenges certainly gave great relief. . . . I personally will prescribe them" (medical man).

FLATULENCE AT NIGHT.—"One or two taken when required seem most useful in dispelling wind and other discomforts which interfere with proper sleep."

HUNGER PAIN.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the only things I know of that take away that intense 'Hunger Pain' which is such acute suffering" (medical man).

A FREE TRIAL BOX of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and mentioning JOHN BULL, to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London.

"May I—?" "Yes, if it's Bondman"

Ladies like the delicious fragrance of Bondman. You can smoke it in the drawing-room, at the pictures, anywhere and everywhere. It is just the best baccy a tanner will buy.

Smokes slow, burns evenly,——

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the front. Order from your tobacconist.

Per 6D oz.

LLOYD'S
BONDMAN
Rich, Ruddy, Virginia Tobacco.

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that can be relied upon.

It is POSSIBLE to get a Cycle at a lower price.

JOHN PIGGOTT'S JULY SALE

Specification Free. Fully Guaranteed.

It is possible to procure Everything for Gentlemen at Sale Prices.

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Usual Price, 30/-
Sale Price, 16/11
To measure.
Patterns free.

It is POSSIBLE to purchase at PRE-WAR prices.
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Free Sale List
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THE "J.P." CYCLE
£4-19-9
complete.
All accessories.

The "J.P." PARTICULAR COLLAR.
Usual Price, 6d. each.
Sale Price, 6 for 1/11
Postage 4d.
Irish Manufacture.

HOSIERY AND HATS, 36¼ %
The Cassland Hosiery Co., 124, Cassland Rd., S. Hackney, N.E.

HOSIERY, HATS AND READY-MADE CLOTHING, 32½ %
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SUPERIOR WOOLLENS 29 %
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Best Morocco, Lined Silk.
Usual Price, 6/11.
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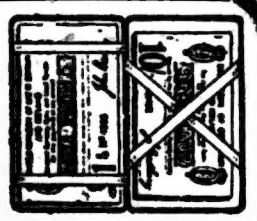

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Makes 20 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 22 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 30 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Best Gift for the TROOPS
Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver, 4/-. Paper Tubes: 1,000 1/4: 500 10d., post free. New supply in, no waiting.
VITA CO. (Dept. J.), 41, Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

The Card You Would Like to Receive——

is the Card you should send. Friendship invariably shows a similarity of taste and your friend will appreciate the quality and distinctiveness of DAVIS "MESSAGE" POSTCARDS.

There's a Card for every occasion and a few kept ready at hand will save you the time and trouble of writing many a letter.

DAVIS 1d. "MESSAGE" POSTCARDS

are stocked by the principal stores and all high-class stationers. If your own stationer does not stock them, ask him to obtain a selection for you or write us for the name of the stationer in your district who has the Cards actually in stock.

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QUALITY CARDS
11 & 12, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON E.C.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of
HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE
—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

"SANITAS"
ANTI-VERMIN PASTE.
A Safe and Sure Preventive and Cure
For BODY VERMIN.
The Best Gift for our Soldiers at Home and Abroad.
In tins 9d. each of all Chemists and the "SANITAS" CO., Ltd., Limehouse, London, E.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 527. Week ending Saturday, July 8th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"The Big Push."

Not *quite* beaten yet, are we? A bit of a surpriser for the Kaiser!

A Political Hint.

Watch Mr. Churchill. There is life in the young dog yet.

Ireland.

All is *not* well with Ireland—*nor with the Coalition.*

The Case of Casement.

Assuming the verdict of the jury to be upheld in the event of an appeal, the man *must* be hanged. To shoot the Sinn Feiner and spare this unfeigned sinner would be a crime.

Thank God for the Lords!

So a German-owned company is *not* a "British" concern. But for the decision—now happily upset—of the Court of Appeal, nobody would ever have thought otherwise. Oh, these lawyers!

A Firm Policy.

The Government have given Germany seven days to make up its mind about the treatment of British prisoners. At the end of that period—well, the Foreign Secretary will address a Protest to the United States, and then, after due deliberation, Mr. Wilson will despatch a Note to Berlin—and, meanwhile, the British prisoners will starve to death!

War Badges.

The Government is badly bungling in this matter; but we hope to be in a position next week to announce a free distribution of badges adapted to the cases of those who have lost relatives and friends; those who have been honourably discharged from the Army, and those who have, for good reason, been exempted. *That* is the kind of thing required.

"A Righteous Revenge."

These were our words a month ago: "Enough of this hideous fooling. If our men continue to be starved, starve the German prisoners. We are at war." The old story!

"The Kitchener Mystery."

For the moment, we leave it to those M.P.s who are demanding a public inquiry into the loss of the *Hampshire*. The mystery must, and shall, be cleared up.

As we Are!

"Oh that my friend would *not* write a book!" That was our reflection on reading Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's "Horatio Bottomley: The Man as He is To-day," which is attracting such wide attention. Had we suspected that in our various familiar chats with the author he was "taking notes," we should have been more reserved and cautious! That story about Justice Darling, and the one about another judge, for instance—but there it is!

Yankee Pride.

The United States, it appears, is not too proud to fight Mexico. But then—well, *look* at Mexico!

"Meat for All."

In regard to our recent article as to the unnecessarily high prices of meat, a reader tells us that at the present moment he knows of a place in South America where there are 25,000 sheep awaiting export, but the killing has been stopped owing to the impossibility of obtaining a refrigerated steamer to carry the carcasses home. Oh, for a business Board of Trade!

Our Kitchener Cartoon.

Many readers have requested us to reproduce the cartoon which appeared in our issue of June 17th, representing the Shade of Kitchener standing behind a British Tommy, and saying, "*That* way, my lad; I am *still* with you"—and we have decided to reprint it on special paper at the price of threepence, which will cover postage to any part of the United Kingdom. All applications must be addressed to our Publishing Department.

Who Is the Liar?

He felt deeply the want of loyalty, and, above all, the lack of friendly regard on the part of those with whom he laboured and associated. I can see him standing with bowed head, with his back to the fire, in his bedroom at the British Embassy in Paris. In three hours he was to leave for Egypt and Gallipoli. *His return to England, he had said a few moments before, was very problematic.* When he raised his head his eyes were full of tears.—LORD ESHER, *National Review*, July, 1916.

From Paris Lord Kitchener proceeded to—what shall I say? I know I shall be told that, after the fashion of this perverse and misguided Government, I am *concealing the truth and hoodwinking the nation*—Lord Kitchener proceeded on his mission. He has gone *only, as I hope and trust, for a very short time. He takes with him the complete confidence of his colleagues*, and I believe of his countrymen. His mission is regarded with the unqualified approval of our Allies—Mr. ASQUITH, Lord Mayor's Banquet, Nov., 1915.

Save your home by signing our Free War Insurance Coupon, page iii of cover.

Refuge.

"A Country Parson" calls our attention to the case of the Rev. Richard Owen, Vicar of St. Giles with St. Peter's, Cambridge, deprived of his benefice under the Clergy Discipline Act in April last for immoral practices. This holy man has now "been received in the (Roman Catholic) Church by the Rev. J. B. Eskrigge, of St. Francis's, Notting Hill." Certainly, the Reverend Father has lost no time in giving absolution; peradventure not forgetting the charitable conception of the late Oscar Wilde, that every saint has his past, and every sinner his future.

More Mystery.

There is some mystery about the statement by Sir William Forwood that the Cunard liner *Campania*, fitted as a seaplane ship, came to the rescue of the *Warrior* in the great battle and towed her for ten hours. For, on the other hand, we hear that the *Warrior*, when she was disabled, was towed by the *Engadine*, a seaplane-carrying ship that brought all the officers and men safely into port. One of the crew says, "The *Engadine* showed us the greatest kindness, officers and crew even giving up their bunks. I speak for every one of my shipmates when I say we are truly grateful to the members of the crew of that little ship." As it was a "little ship" it cannot surely have been the *Campania* under a new name?

"Meat for All."

Mr. Harry Moss, a gentleman of experience in the meat trade, tells us that we can bring the price of meat down to normal figures by "one stroke of the pen." In 1892 the Board of Agriculture prohibited the free importation of store cattle from Canada, because of three or four cases of pleuro-pneumonia. The American Beef Trusts at once bought the Canadian cattle, fattened them, shipped them to England to be slaughtered at the port of landing, and sold them as best home-killed. Says Mr. Moss: "If these store cattle are fit to fatten in the States, they are fit to fatten here. Let the Board of Agriculture remove the embargo, and prices will go down by 50 per cent." These seem words of wisdom. Will they fall on deaf ears?

Dishonoured Flags.

At the time of the death of the Iron Duke, Germany and Austria, as well as other nations, sent flags for the draping of the bier when the body lay in state. They were removed to the tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral, and there, we learn, they remained. Just previous to the solemn requiem for Lord Kitchener, it was suggested that the Huns' flags should be removed, but the gloomy Dean Inge refused to do this, because, he said, it is wrong to "obliterate history." Evidently he changed his mind and came to his senses, for, on making a special inspection, we found no flags whatever around or upon the Duke of Wellington's monument. Certainly no German or Austrian flag should be flaunted in the great Cathedral; they are dishonoured emblems.

The Fat in the Fire.

During a nice, sweet, brotherly debate at Spalding Baptist Chapel, Dr. E. C. Chappell, who is Headmaster of the Grammar School, upset the pot and threw the fat in the fire. According to the *Club and Institute Journal*, he said "he would sooner trust himself in battle with hard-drinking, meat-eating miners than with an equal number of teetotal, vegetarian, and non-smoking soldiers, even though none of them had ever missed a prayer meeting"! You may guess what a blaze there was in Spalding Chapel, and how the brethren sizzled and fumed and smoked in hot indignation. But Dr. Chappell stuck to his guns and said it all over again, with a special word of praise for South Yorkshire miners, hard drinkers and meat-eaters!

Bad for Bootle.

At the Bootle Borough Police Court, a seventeen-year-old clerk was charged with the theft of certain securities and cheques. According to the Chief Constable, the prisoner "had taken some letters which contained cheques, but when he found the amount, and that the cheques were crossed, he became frightened, and sent them back to the firm by post." This act of reparation may not have been inspired by the highest motives, but it was surely a circumstance which would have justified the Magistrates in giving the youthful offender a chance to retrieve his character by binding him over under the Probation of Offenders Act—instead, they sent him to gaol for a month; and the unhappy boy will now find it terribly hard to "make good"—thanks chiefly to the Justices of Bootle.

An Enemy Patent.

Sixpence will purchase two pages of print, "Printed for His Majesty's Stationery Office." Its official title is "No. 4494, A.D. 1915," and it is the Complete Specification of Letters Patent for an "Improved Method of Producing Balata Impregnated Textile Driving Belts." The interest commences when we learn that the patent was granted to Messrs. Kohlschutter and Rothmund, of "Hamburg, in the Empire of Germany," that the date of application was March 22nd, 1915, and that it was "Accepted, 16th Mar., 1916." Realising those stupendous facts, we find ourselves granting a British patent to a German firm in the very middle of the war, and it is difficult to find words expressive enough of our indignation and dismay that a Government department should do anything so idiotic.

"An Amazing Assertion."

Here are the full facts alluded to under the above heading in our issue of June 24th last. Mr. E. R. Johnstone, a young Englishman, has been for two years schoolmaster at Blaine Lake, Saskatchewan. He taught the children a patriotic marching song, "We've Got a Mailed Fist Too." Germans objected, and wrote to the Department of Education. Johnstone was informed, "The Minister does not think this song should be used. If you make use of it again, your certificate will be cancelled." The song *was* used again, and the Government, urged by a German newspaper, sent one of its Ministers to interview the defiant teacher. Johnstone refused to yield; the dispute caused "furious indignation," and a mass meeting was held. However, the Germans and Austrians succeeded in getting the Deputy-Minister to threaten immediate dismissal—and Mr. Johnstone, the plucky, patriotic Briton, is now Lieut. Johnstone, 188th Battalion, B.E.F. He has our warm admiration.

Easy Street.

Large numbers of clergymen are busily advertising for somebody to take charge of their parishes during a month or more in the holiday season. And, in so doing, most grievously do they expose the utter unimportance—almost the uselessness—of their work for the Church. To attract a *locum tenens* they dilate on the comforts and beauty of rectory and vicarage, adding significantly, "light duties." The Rector of Milton Damerel, Brandiscorner, Devon, for instance, advertises his "beautiful rectory" and the "trout fishing." Regarding his cure of souls, the welfare of his people, he observes, as attractions, "Light Sunday duty; nothing in week!" Is all right with the Church when its priests get into the pulpit once or twice on a Sunday and do "nothing" in the week? Are there no souls to save on Monday, no wounded hearts to heal on Tuesday? After this example, we are not surprised to hear of a Devon vicar who turned up an hour late at each service on the first Daylight Sunday, because he had "only heard from the Bishop two days before"!

The pen worth ten is the "John Bull" Pen.

A Shameful Delay.

After the great naval battle, when the first mail from the Fleet came in on the Sunday evening to the Post Office in Edinburgh, an order was given :—" Pick out the Scotch, and send all the rest to Inland Section." This meant, for the whole kingdom outside Scotland, at least one day's delay in delivery of letters that carried news to anxious homes of the safety of the writers. An extra half-an-hour of sorting would have been sufficient for a proper divisional selection, and the good news would have gone home at once. The jack-in-office who gave that cruel, heartless order—what have his superiors to say to him ?

Plain Speaking.

Mr. A. C. Hughes, Superintendent of the Chamrajendra Zoological Gardens, Mysore, was lately charged with using insulting language towards a Mr. Gustav Haller ; and being invited by the Court to apologise to Mr. Haller, Mr. Hughes declined to do so on the ground that Mr. Haller was a German, " who was not entitled to any measure of social or personal consideration." With this robust attitude the Deputy Commissioner seems to have had a good deal of sympathy ; and the case was ultimately dismissed. We congratulate the defendant upon his luck and pluck. What a wonderful tribe the Hugheses are, to be sure !

The Children's Treat.

Our demand, " Hands Off the Children's Treats ! " was not made too soon. Already Hadleigh, in Essex, has commenced the mean business of bilking the kiddies of their one happy day per annum. The children of the Sunday school are to forgo their annual treat, to " teach them the principle of self-sacrifice." In many cases this will make the third year in succession that this " principle " has been driven home into the minds of these little martyrs. Just as though they did not exercise self-sacrifice enough without this unfeeling, unwarranted deprivation ! With fathers and brothers fighting the enemy abroad, and mother fighting high prices at home, what more have the children to learn about the " principle of self-sacrifice " ?

Victimising a Volunteer.

In Wellingborough, should you be working like a cart-horse voluntarily and willingly for the good of the country, you must also be prepared to fast and starve ; if you feed, you do so at your peril. Mr. Beattie, of Northampton, has discovered this. He, good man, is a voluntary ambulance driver. Having gone 100 miles, he felt the need of physical sustenance. In other words, he wanted his tea. He sat in a refreshment room, keeping his eye on his vehicle, and he swore there was no obstruction. But the police, who " watched the motor van for 15 minutes," charged him with obstructing the street, and the result is put tersely—" Fined 10s." Such a prosecution seems to us unkind and unfair. It is discouraging to willing volunteers.

"The Warrior and the Workhouse."

Mr. Fordham, the Magistrate, was not correctly reported in the daily newspapers in the case where a soldier wished to draw his wife's ring money, for the support of his children. Mr. Fordham told him he could not do that, and referred him to the S. & S. F. A., who would deal with the matter. The soldier then said, " I don't want that ; I want my money to pay my rent." Ring money was only payable, said Mr. Fordham, on the wife's signature, and the man responded, " My children would starve if my wife is locked up while I am in France." " No one need starve in this country," said the Magistrate, " because—I do not suggest it for a soldier's children—there is always the workhouse as a last resource." This statement puts the matter in a better light, and we are happy to add that the S. & S. F. A. have taken the case satisfactorily in hand.

Postcards and Stamps.

Is there any reason why the G.P.O. should give paper and cardboard away by wholesale while it is so dear ? In other days we appreciated the fact that we could buy a postcard for ½d. ; in these days it is an anomaly. We pay ½d. for the stamp, and get the card for nothing. The embossed stamped envelopes sold by the P.O. are, too, sold at a price which would mean ruin to an ordinary tradesman. With paper at famine prices St. Martin's-le-Grand must be just to itself before being generous to us.

Fag-less Ones.

On " Fag Day " wounded soldiers in the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City Road, E.C., were asked to subscribe their little bit for the good cause, and they willingly complied. If they are wondering what became of the collection, it is perhaps because they have seen nothing by way of result, for fags and smokes have been conspicuous by their absence ever since, and the boys, real fighters from famous regiments, are singing, " Oh, where, and oh, where ! have those Woodbines gone ? "

An Obliging Bench.

No sooner had the Cabinteely (Ireland) Magistrates decided to send a drunken labourer to gaol for 14 days than, at the suggestion of a friend in Court, they so far repented their harsh decision as to offer the culprit the option of a fine. But the Irish, with all their faults, are a warm-hearted race, and when it was suggested by District-Inspector Murphy that the fine would most likely have to be paid by the defendant's wife, the Justices once more changed their pliant minds, and the accused was " bound over " to behave himself for 12 months. The comedy was complete when it was subsequently discovered that the drunkard was not married at all, a disclosure which might have prompted the Bench to still another judicial somersault—but the defendant by this time had left the Court.

Friend of the Huns.

Mr. Maxwell, of the International Co-operative Alliance, spoke at Lancaster lately, and offered us in himself the spectacle of a Briton eager and anxious to resume business relations with the Huns he seems to love. He apologised because Co-operationists had not communicated with " all our friends on the Continent," and explained, " It is not our fault. We have tried to do so." They had, however, got in touch with their German " friends," through Neutrals. " With regard to Austria, they had not been so successful." But he hoped soon " to take these men by the hand again." And he went on to picture how sorry his " friends " were " at having to shoulder the rifle, no doubt willingly and manfully, to defend their country." It seems to us that Mr. Maxwell is rather a dangerous sort of person, whose ideas are menacing to the Realm, and whose business movements need to be checked.

A Nasty Person.

A person born in Manchester of German parents, both of whom are now in their own dear Fatherland, lives at Dukinfield, and his name is Charles Christian Hassner. His trade is characteristically German ; he is a sausage skin manufacturer. When he was informed of Lord Kitchener's death, his comment was, " It's a —— good job, too. There's plenty of better men than him gone down." Not unnaturally, the result was a visit to Stalybridge Police Court. It turned out that the man had been warned previously about the character of his speeches, so the fine of £5, or one month in default, cannot be considered excessive. In any future case, said the Chairman, the option of a fine might not be granted. We trust not, for the Hassner kind of person, if we must harbour such, should be compelled to keep his tongue clean.

Read Blathwayt's book, "Horatio Bottomley: The Man as He is To-day," 1s. net.

Wicked Waste.

A reader who travelled to Southampton by the London and South Western Railway tells us that the other day he noticed that the grass on the railway slopes was being cut, dried as hay, collected in heaps and burnt. If this be true — and we can scarcely believe it — it is a wicked waste.

War Heroes and Drink.

When Lord D'Abernon and his colleagues on the Central Control Board hear what Private Kenny, V.C., and Sergeant Johnson, the holder of the French equivalent of that Order, have to say about their restrictions, it will be an eye-opener to them. Both these heroes are Vice-Presidents of the League of the Man in the Street, which plucky little organisation is still pursuing an active campaign against the pumpuritans.

The Hated Inscription.

One of the ways in which picture postcard printers fulfilled the requirements of the law was to print "Made in Germany" in the square space allotted to the stamp, so that, when the purchaser posted the card, all trace of the hated label was hidden. A card before us, with views of Droitwich, is published in "The Milton Series," by Woolstone Bros., London, E.C. On the outside is a square space, with the words, "Affix stamp. Printed at our Works in Germany." We trust Woolstone Bros. have discontinued the practice.

A Sound Policy.

The barbarous treatment of British prisoners in the former German colony of South-West Africa has stimulated the British Citizen Movement of Johannesburg to renewed efforts to oust the enemy alien from their midst. Their demands are for the immediate internment of all Germans of military age, for the deportation to Germany of other enemy aliens, men and women—and for the repatriation of every enemy subject at the close of the war. It is a pity we cannot import a little of the Colonial vigour into our handling of this same problem at home.

"All is Not Well——"

Dr. E. T. O'Dwyer, the disloyal Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, is evidently not without friends. At a recent meeting of the Cork Corporation, a resolution was unanimously passed congratulating Dr. O'Dwyer "on the manly and patriotic manner in which he had defended the young priests of Ireland, and for his chivalrous statement in reference to Irish martyrs shot in Ireland." As we say, this sweeping motion was carried without dissent; but when it was further proposed that the Council should express "profound sorrow" at the British losses in the Jutland Battle, and "gratitude to Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty," certain Nationalist members of the Corporation rose in a body and walked out without voting. The incident, perhaps, was of "no political importance," but it makes unpleasant reading all the same.

Scenes in Court.

It does not add to the dignity of judicial proceedings when a Judge is told by a solicitor that he is talking "blooming nonsense"; nor are matters much improved when the lawyers are exhorted from the Bench to "get out," to "hold their tongues," and so on, with a choice variety of unlearned objurgations. Yet this is the kind of thing that is constantly happening at the Derry Recorder's Court, and we assure his Honour, Judge Todd, that the public of Derry have had more than enough of it, and will be glad when he can restore a measure of decency and decorum to the proceedings of his Court.

An Inquisitive Borough.

The Borough of Doncaster, being owners of house property, issue a form of application to be filled up by prospective tenants. Among the questions to which answers are required are:—"Particulars of Trade, Where employed, Average Wage per week, Name and Address of present Landlord, Married or Single, Number of Children, Their Ages, How many Persons will be resident in house, and Names and Addresses of two References." The final stipulation is the only one that the Borough is justified in insisting on; the others are mainly impertinent, and we are not surprised when a Doncaster man declares he will go without a house sooner than answer them.

Merely Froth.

You may still buy beer in Birmingham, but "the long pull" has been banned by the Control Board; and at the Victoria Courts the other day the myrmidons of the law were ready to procure the cancellation of the licence of Edward Lamb, of Florence Street, whose "pull" was said to have been too strong and long. Unfortunately for their case, however, the police—with a wonderful mastery of their carnal appetites—had kept the beer; and when it was poured into a bottle in Court it measured just half a pint, with the addition of a little froth. Evidently an innocent mistake had been made somewhere, and the prosecuting solicitor withdrew the summons. By such frothy filaments does justice hang.

Unconquerable.

Private Jesse White, of Victoria Hospital, Folkestone, has but one leg left him; the other has been amputated. Private Jesse White, on crutches in Radnor Park, saw a three-year-old child nigh drowning, having tumbled into a pond. The soldier threw away his crutches, jumped into the pond, saved the boy, got him out somehow, and, finding him unconscious, took him to the hospital, where he recovered. You see, the gallantry of these soldier lads of ours is unending; cut off one leg, and they will still be heroes on the other. An admiring reader writes to ask how we can do enough for such men, and makes a sensible suggestion:—"I've got a little bit of garden; it's pleasant, and if any wounded soldier cares to come in and rest and have a smoke and read, he's welcome." Lucky readers with gardens may like to follow suit.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"The People":—
"The latest war-time idea is a 'Mother's Day.' Will ALL THOSE WHO HAVE HAD MOTHERS please note?"

"Sheffield Daily Telegraph" (advertisement):—
"Our Bathing Outfits COVER EVERYTHING REQUIRED by ladies and children."

"Poultry":—
"Eggs not starring by the twentieth day may be tested by swimming.' To do this, fill a BOWL with WATER AT A TEMPERATURE OF 105 DEG. TO 110 DEG.; carefully REMOVE THE EGGS and PLACE THEM IN THE WATER."

"South Wales Echo" (advertisement):—
"Working Housekeeper to widow, gentleman OR bachelor."

"West Cumberland Times":—
"Numbers forward: 57 FAT CATTLE (including AUTHOR of 'Love's Privilege,' etc.)."

Mr. Ernest Clarke (in letter to the *Bury Free Press*):—
"The eldest son . . . BORN 1800, HAD A BABY IN 1801."

"Manchester Evening News":—
"Prisoner . . . had NOTHING TO SAY, and for THIS OFFENCE he was fined £10."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To H.M. King Victor Emmanuel of Italy.

Sir,—In the Allied plan of campaign, your wonderful Armies are now bearing their appointed share; and, at this critical moment in the history of United Italy, I am eager once more to assure you of the warm goodwill of the British people, and our firm and steadfast friendship for the Italian nation. The present fighting alliance between Italy and Great Britain has its roots deep in the historic past, and in a community of political ideals which, in the face of the German menace, have taken on a new significance, commanding the homage of the civilised world. Beneath the sacred banner of Freedom, united we march to victory.

John Bull.

To General Sir David Henderson, Commander-in-Chief, Royal Flying Corps.

Dear Sir David,—I am not particularly impressed by the pretty compliments the newspapers have been paying you—comparing your cross-examining powers to those of experienced King's Counsel, and suggesting that you would have been admirably fitted for the Bar. These little "puffs" may have been well intentioned, but to tell a distinguished soldier that he would most likely have been a great success—at another job—does not strike me as the acme of politeness. Stick to your work—and give the witnesses a fair chance. Avoid whitewashing.

John Bull.

To John Stirling, Esq., Chief Constable, Grimsby.

Dear C. C.,—It is refreshing to hear of a police official who is not unduly prejudiced against picture theatres. At the meeting of the Grimsby Fire Brigade Committee you said you were satisfied that cinemas are not responsible for all that they are blamed for. It is true that naughty boys and girls, when found out in any mischief, are acquiring the habit of blaming the "movies," but I fancy it is with the idea of lessening their punishment. In every normal healthy human boy there is a strain of devilment which will show itself from time to time, pictures or no pictures. A few years back the holy and righteous were blaming "blood and thunder" novelettes for corrupting the youth of the country. To-day they hold up their pious hands in horror at the film. I hereby commend you for making a commonsense statement which should work confusion in the ranks of the unco guid, with whom every sort of pleasure seems to be anathema.

John Bull.

To Canon E. P. Cole, Bristol.

Dear Canon,—I do not like your references to "hordes of dirty children set free from the discipline of school by the holidays," or your statement, "These ragged urchins are a public nuisance; wherever a tree or shrub can be reached it is torn to pieces." Dirt is deplorable, but who can keep a child clean as a new pin? Rags are a misfortune, not a crime. Kiddies "tearing" trees in gardens should be taught a lesson; a little warning by the police and a correction by the father will usually suffice. These things being said, I am bound to deplore the tone of your remarks; they are as though you detested the poor, ragged children instead of sympathising with them. Believe me, their lot is hard. Bethink yourself that many of them belong to families with but one room to exist in—their only playground, the street. You, and "gentry" like you, can send your children away in comfort and luxury to the seas or the country at holiday time; these dirty, dear little beggars have but the gutter and the public park—if the park be near enough. What you, sir, in your Christian charity, should do, is this: Get some good ladies (*real* ladies—nice, cheery, pleasant ladies; not prigs) to visit those parks, and let them chat pleasantly to children inclined to mischief. Let them carry needle and thread, and sew together some of the worst rags. Such little deeds will do more good than railing at the kiddies and calling them names. Try kindness, dear Canon. It works wonders.

John Bull.

To Mr. Alderman Fox, J.P., and the Clerk, Croydon Borough Police Court.

Dear Twain,—I read of a man who appeared in the Court where you respectively exercise your magisterial and clerical functions, charged with some motoring offence. Now, he happened to be wearing a military badge, and was promptly asked for an explanation. It was duly forthcoming. He was, he said, a time-expired man from the Army; he had served for fourteen months at the front, and was expecting to be called up again. To stop silly questions, to prove that he had done his bit and was willing to do more, he wore that badge. You two gentlemen were not at all contented, and you poured your disdain and scorn upon a man who deserved something much better. You, Mr. Alderman, opined "that a good many people were wearing badges who were not entitled to wear them." True, most worshipful sir—but that man *was* entitled to wear his and to be proud of it. That was where you went astray. You, Mr. Clerk, went further and fared worse, for you sneered, "I might just as well wear the V.C." And that was where *you* erred, for you must not wear the V.C. till you earn it; and I take it that you will not be doing so in a hurry.

John Bull.

To Miss Christian Richardson, Secretary, National Prohibition Party, Kentish Town.

Dear "Christian,"—One of the things you would prohibit, apparently, is the cigarette for the soldier at the Front, the gentleman who is out there for your benefit; and you tell a yarn about how you "encountered a delicate-looking Irish girl with a racking cough. . . . She was a waitress in a third-class restaurant," and you say that she "told with pride of her soldier brother, and for cigarettes for him she spent 2s. 6d. from her own pittance every week." Now, I like that story, and I like that girl for her love of her soldier brother; although I am sure the boy would rather his sister "did something for her cough." But that girl's love was so great, and her heart so big, that I envy her the happiness and the glory of her weekly sacrifice, and I am more in sympathy with her, madam, than with all the Prohibition Parties in Kentish Town and out of it.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Walter Long, President, Local Government Board.

Dear Local Government Board,—I know you may have left the old address before you receive this; but I want to tell you that I heartily agree with your statement to the deputation on the declining birth rate—that "the Chancellor of the Exchequer lost a very useful and very proper source of taxation when he allowed bachelors to pay the same sort of taxation as married men pay." Better have a serious talk with McKenna on the matter between now and his next Budget. You might instance the startling case of the Bishop of London. He is a restless advocate of big families, but is unmarried, and has £10,000 a year to spend in War Loan, Exchequer Bonds, or give to the poor that he may lend to the Lord.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P.

Dear Home Secretary,—I have read your recent speech in Parliament on the enemy alien question, and I hasten to say that, in many respects, it is about the biggest nonsense I have ever heard. What on earth do you mean by telling us that a Naturalisation Certificate "cannot be withdrawn"? Why waste time in such a futile quibble when you ought to be earnestly grappling with a problem vitally related to the safety of the State? You know very well that if you wanted the power to cancel Naturalisation Certificates in proper cases you could get it for the asking at any time you liked. Your perfunctory handling of this vital question is a big blot on your public career.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Earl Selborne.

My Lord,—Weren't you just a little previous in resigning from the Government on account of a compact over Ireland of which, officially, it had no cognisance, and by which it is, so far, in no way bound? Perhaps, by now, you are sorry you spoke. Why *can't* you Cabinet chaps work together?

John Bull.

GRASP THEM BY THE BEARD!

BE STRONG TO SMITE—MERCY IS MADNESS—THE GERMAN AFTERMATH.

By A. G. Hales.

DURING the South African War we had fighting for us a bright hairy Scotch-Australian, who was the weirdest mixture of rum and religion I ever foregathered with in a not uneventful life. When he was cold sober he made everybody's life a woesome pilgrimage through this vale of tears by reason of his religious intolerance. In such periods he was an unutterable nuisance; but in a fight at close quarters he was "three men and a Gatling-gun rolled into one." And when he couldn't use either the bayonet or the butt, he grabbed 'em by the whiskers and did things to them with his knees, and I think if I'd been one of the enemy I'd rather have had the bayonet. Once I said to him, "I wonder what the poor devil thought about it?" And he answered, "A dinna ken yon man's thoughts, laddie, but," he added dreamily, "A'll tak' ma oath he wasna' theenkin' o' his honeymoon." That may not be quite the kind of spirit we would like to see our people cultivate in time of peace, but I want to see a little more of it now in time of war. I am sick unto death of the kind of treatment we—or rather our wig-and-gown rulers—are meting out to Germans in our internment camps. Anyone would imagine we were afraid of the ultimate result of the war, and were trying to get on the soft side of the Germans by treating them as honoured guests in our midst. Or is it that certain people want to have friends in both camps when peace comes, and are paving the way for a good time for themselves at the public expense? I do not mind confessing that I am a good deal on the *inside* in regard to knowledge of life in camps in Britain where soldier and civilian prisoners are kept, and though I hold that it is our duty—just that and no more—to do the fair thing by all prisoners, it is not our duty to treat every swaggering German officer as if he were a prince of the blood and a right royal good fellow. We are treating the very meanest of our enemies now in our hands ten times better than we are treating some of the grand-hearted men and lads who have fought gallantly for us and are now down and out, as far as active service is concerned. This may suit those who want an inconclusive peace and mean to go tuft-hunting to the Kaiser's court when the fighting ceases; but if it suits the British people as a whole, then they are either angels or—fools. This despicable game should be stopped, and stopped at once; treat the German officers as our warriors are treated in Germany, and treat the civilian prisoners as *our* prisoners are treated—no better and no worse. *That* is fair play; we give as we receive. The men who are pampering the Germans are wilfully and knowingly punishing our own lads now in exile—for every world-traveller knows that the better you behave to the average German, the more he despises you. He thinks you are afraid of him; and, as my soul liveth, I think we have some in high places who *are* afraid! Let us do away with men who have a foot in each camp.

Wire Fences for Germans.

We, the people, have got to get busy. I *know* we are freeing from our so-called camps lots of Germans every week—influence is at work to enable this to be done. Our Royalty is sound, our aristocracy is sound, our working population is sound—but there is a section of the community that is as rotten as an over-ripe pear. Clear it out! We need to place every German—high and low, rich and poor, naturalised and unnaturalised—in confinement. Let them have their villages, but let barbed wire surround them; and outside the barbed wire let British Tommies move with bared bayonets. Let no man or woman hold any communication with them; let nothing go in to them, nothing go out, until the war is over. At present, the head centre of the German spy system is in the so-called detention camps here in England. As things are even to-day, our whole system is a farce. The Germans are laughing at us. We are feeding and clothing the very people who are fooling us. There is no safer place for a German spy than in our English detention camps. How much longer are we going to submit to it? When are we going to fight in the spirit of that hairy Scot I mentioned at the outset of this article? We have got to smite or be smitten. Which do you vote for? I cling to the creed that it is better to give than to receive—hard knocks; someone has got to get them. Are we going to allow our fighters to be sold, betrayed, given away by spies; or are we going to fight with our fighters and protect them from the stabbers in the dark? It is time you, the people, made up your minds—and what is more, it is high time, if you are worth your salt, that you saw to it that your will was carried into effect. It never will be carried into effect whilst you sit down and just *talk*. Do you realise this brutal fact—for a fact it is? Whilst *you* are sitting still, the "rotten pears" in our midst are corrupting the whole area of England; treachery stalks abroad careless of consequences; men are freed almost every day from our detention camps to carry out the plans hatched there. If the highest officials do not know it, they are sucking-doves; and that is not the opinion I have of some of them. They are wolves suckled by wolves—the wolves of Potsdam.

The German Aftermath.

For two years Europe has rained blood. France, our noble and gallant Ally, is decimated of its manhood; the young women of bonny France must go to their graves mateless when war is over. That in itself is a tragedy to a man of the world, who takes human nature as he finds it. The child-crop of France must be the smallest of all her crops; and the unclean ghouls of Germany will rejoice. Those heavy-jowled, pig-eyed barbarians know no refinement; they know they are striking the women of France when they are bleeding the manhood of the nation white. Their own women will spawn children enough; Germany is to-day over-run with children, whilst glorious France is desolate. Germany has no illusions—a child is a child, whether born in wedlock or the child of a regiment; they are human cattle. Their birth census will be just as big as in the piping days of peace. Hans or Fritz, what does it matter to them? The turn of the tide has come; our hour is near, if paper-legged men in power do not rob us of the fruits we have waited for. But I know they will if we but let them. We have got to rebuild ourselves; we have got to gloat over our opportunities to smite; and we have got to smite to the bone. We have got to smite until the marrow runs out of the wounds we make; we have got to shed our most accursed hypocrisy, and love smiting for the smiting's sake; we have got to sing over it and rejoice in it, because of the things that have been done to us and to our Allies. We have now, more than ever, to remember the sweet Sisters of Mercy raped in their own chapels; we have to think of the peasants put up against the walls of Louvain and shambled—simply because they were peasants and unable to defend themselves. If God is God, he has given us the grim duty of holding the Scales of Justice level. See ye to it that ye do it. They set the tune, let the devils pay the piper!

PENSIONS, NOT PITTANCES.

JUSTICE FOR THE MAN WHO HAS CARRIED THE GUN.

BY J. M. HOGGE, M.P.

(We have had our differences in the past with Mr. Hogge, but we gladly acknowledge his splendid work on behalf of those for whom he pleads in this article.)

I REMEMBER being very incensed some years ago on reading that for a Crimean Memorial Dinner many of the invitations had to be addressed to our workhouses. I felt then that there was something mightily wrong with a system which drove men who had stood in the Thin Red Line, or ridden in the immortal charge of the Light Brigade, into our poorhouses. I feel now that unless the House of Commons and the British public wake up to the fact that such scandals are in danger of being perpetrated again, we may endure a similar national degradation. The generous intention of the nation is being whittled down. Undoubtedly, the greatest trouble at the present is with pensions, of which Chelsea Hospital is the awarder. Our totally and partially disabled men are dealt with there. I am very familiar with a well-known letter: "I am directed to acquaint you that the Commissioners of this Hospital at their meeting on —— having fully considered your case, decided that you have no claim to a pension." The Medical Board rules the roast. Every concession made by the House of Commons crumples up before the mysterious hand of the Medical Board. The latest concession granted was one which gave soldiers whose discharge from the Army was due to disease, aggravated by service, the right to four-fifths of the full pension. A useful concession, but not of much avail if it depends upon the same Medical Board. I have seen a man's Discharge paper which stated on the face of it that he had been discharged for that reason. Yet Chelsea refused him a pension! Now I hold very strongly that, once the War Office accepts a man as medically fit, they must foot the bill.

Typical Cases.

In their haste to secure men, the Army Authorities did many foolish things. Here is an appalling case of official incompetency, the facts of which I can vouch for and prove. On the day on which a certain man was officially accepted by the Army Authorities he was sent back home and was certified suffering from pneumonia. He was sent for again on December 28th, 1915, while still certified as unfit, examined by the Army Doctor, passed fit and transferred to Aldershot—but was discharged after about nine weeks' service! The man had Panel certificates dating from September 18th to December 24th for pneumonia and pleurisy. I give this case to prove that Army Doctors are not always right. I know another case in which a man after discharge from the Army was turned down by the Medical Board because his trouble was said to be due to alcoholism. This was disproved independently, and the man got a pension *because his case had influential backing*. So even medical men can err. The main gravamen, however, of the charges against Chelsea lies in the narrowness of their vision. Take a typical case. A man who was a miner prior to the outbreak of war joined in the early days of the autumn of 1914. He was discharged after 158 days' service on account of chronic bronchitis and emphysema. He was almost at once an inmate of a Sanatorium for Consumptives! Not making progress, he had to give up his bed and go into lodgings with his little girl of eight years of age. He is now in another Sanatorium. In the opinion of the Medical Board of Invaliding Medical Officers his disability was not considered due to service! He was awarded eightpence a day, and on this munificent sum—4s. 8d. a week—cut adrift to live and bring up his daughter. If he dies his little girl would not be entitled to a penny. Parliament laid down that he was entitled to four-fifths of the full pension, *i.e.*, 20s., with a discretionary allowance of 2s. 6d. for each child. It is now July, 1916, and the man is without his rights. I have been corresponding about it for over three months, besides having raised it in the House. He was discharged with *chronic* bronchitis; yet 156 days previously a medical man had neither noticed the bronchitis, the "chronic," nor the affection of the lungs. Now take another type of case—this time a case of dependents. It was the first case raised in the House, and led directly to the concession of the four-fifths pension. A Lovat Scout joined August 4th, 1914; served some months; was finally discharged and died a few days later, leaving a widow and a large family of small children. His widow gets no scale pension, because "it is in the highest degree probable that the heart disease of which he died existed before August 4th, 1914." Now he was accepted as medically fit both in 1910 (Territorials) and in 1914 for active service. He had drawn only £2 5s. benefit out of the Scottish Rural Workers' Friendly Society. His local doctor is prepared to certify that his death was accelerated by service. Prior to enlisting he worked from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. in a woollen mill, and his family are prepared to swear that for 18 years to their certain knowledge he never suffered as alleged. Since this case was first raised, the Statutory Committee has been brought into being, and his widow and children can make an application to it for a Compassionate pension. I maintain they are entitled to scale pensions by right, and I think the public would back that view. There seems to me something mean and petty in the necessity for outsiders taking up such cases and being required to push them.

The Benefit of the Doubt.

Here are a few more cases, briefly summarised: A. B., 143 days with colours, now unable to follow any occupation; wife and two children; pension, 5s. a week. C. D., wounded at Lille; rejoined; discharged; unable to work; no pension. E. F., came from America at own expense to join; brought wife and children; earned £500 a year in America; after months of badgering awarded 20s. G. H. required 48 letters before he was awarded 4s. 8d. a week, or 8d. a day. They could be increased *ad lib.* I read through the other day the dossier of cases collected by Sir Frederick Milner, who has given practically all his time to securing justice for very many men, and I felt, as I rose from it, that if it could be printed and circulated the British public would be red hot with indignation. Chelsea really ought to be made to understand that the nation wishes them to award pensions, not pittances. I can well believe that they find cases where the applicant is discharged suffering from disease the origin of which dates back prior to the outbreak of war. Such men must have the benefit of the doubt. *Medical colleagues of their own accepted those men as fit. The War Office used them as soldiers.* The men made great sacrifices, most of them rallying to the colours when there were neither scale pensions, statutory committees, nor civil liability schemes of relief. They have done their bit. The nation has no desire to do them out of their just claims. Let the War Office remember that the nation will hold it answerable for every social casualty which is due to a niggardly and parsimonious doling out of the money it is only too glad to give to the men who took the awful risks attendant on this war.

A BRITISH SOLDIER THANKS THE KAISER.

By a Discharged Private.

Strange words these, are they not, Emperor of all the Germans? I see you start. Wait! Let me tell you why my heartfelt gratitude goes out to the foulest villain the world has ever known. England, my England, the fair little Isle that gave me birth, was drifting—drifting on a sea of luxury and ease, on an ocean of sloth and negligence, meandering aimlessly along towards a "lee shore" that spelt for her destruction and national death. English youths, with their scarlet socks and dandy ways, were degenerating into an unsexed community that boded ill for our future welfare. English maids, with their simpering, idiotic mannerisms and languid affectations, were heading for the port of catastrophic disaster. Our navigating officers in the national "chart-house" could summon up occasionally sufficient energy to bleat "he-ah he-ah," when questions relating to taxes on pussy cats, or the restriction of water supplies to tame goldfish, were brought forward. In times of peace I am a sailor by profession, and these things struck me forcibly when, on returning from voyages to foreign land, I traversed my native soil again. Yes! there's no doubt about it, my dear War Lord, we were going the downward path. The poor were aping the middle-class, the middle-class were cheaply affecting the idle rich, and the idle rich were mimicking God knows whom. And the only person in this wide world who could save us was yourself. Sounds enigmatical, doesn't it? Yet it's true, though.

The Life Line.

Too long had we been sailing with "square yards" and a "fair wind," and rapidly we were losing the skill we once exercised in braving "dirty weather," and so I thank you, my dear Kaiser, for heaving us a line and hauling us "head to wind." True, the line you hove us is dripping now with the blood of innocents and slimy with the bestiality of your hell-born soldiery; but although every fibre of its war-spun strands is symbolical of death, to England, "my England," my well-loved land, it is a life-line in very truth. When I was in the trenches I sometimes (very, very seldom though, mind you, my dear Kaiser) heard a few pessimistic Tommies ask: "How are we, who are mere amateurs at soldiering, able to cope with the professionally-trained men of Germany?" And I would answer them thus: "Boys, you *have* coped with them; and, further, you've check-mated them, and in the grand finale you'll smash them!" Love of liberty, love of right over wrong, love of fraternity amongst mankind, are the sources of our offensive weapons. Your soldiers go to their doom through fear of you; your vast guns and instruments of death are fashioned by beings who tremble at your word, and ply their craft in dread of your tyranny. Our boys toe the line and die cheerfully and well; voluntary offerings on the altar of patriotism. Our guns leave their nests, and are wished God-speed by those who made them, and their long, wicked-looking muzzles that are going to destroy your armies are patted affectionately by the hands of their creators. A labour of love, my Prussian Braggart. God in Heaven, man! did you think your love of power would prove stronger as an incentive than our love of freedom? Some weeks ago I was taken from the trenches from the side of my brother who lay dead at my feet, his body torn and lacerated by a shell fired by some of your "Devil's spawn." I remember that night so well, dear Kaiser. You have for years been instilling hatred of the English into the hearts of your deluded subjects, but all the accumulated hate of your seventy millions is as nothing compared with the black, hellish, unspeakable hatred I felt for you that night. And I am only one of many similarly placed. Do you think that you and your hosts will stop our "boys" when the time is ripe for slaughter? Do you imagine that coward cries of "Mercy, mercy!—Kamerad, Kamerad!" uttered by your piggish bullies, will prevent the driving home of British bayonets? Do you think the Rhine will stop us? Do you think that peace overtures will stop us? Do you think that our commanders will stop us? Do you think that the British Government, by premature peace moves, will stop us? No! Great German War Lord, Hell itself won't keep us back.

A Needed Lesson.

Britishers are slow to anger and generous towards their foes, but the hate you have taught in your dominions you also have taught to us, by your hell-inspired deeds, until it has flourished into the deep, saturating, blood-curdling soul-blackening hatred that we, the British Democracy, extend to you and yours to-day. For making us go to war, and so bringing us to our senses, I thank you. For the brutal way in which you have conducted the war may you be eternally damned.

THE MILK RAMP SCANDAL.

HOW THE PUBLIC ARE ROOKED UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

As will be seen from another page, the milk-sellers have issued a lengthy statement, explaining why they are on the side of the angels in ramping the price of milk to sixpence a quart. Our advertisement pages do not, however, govern our editorial opinion, and we must say that the rampers' explanation is as thin as milk after a rain. It amounts to nothing more than the old, old bluff that the increase in price is due to the farmer and not to the dairyman, who is as innocent of exploiting the public as a babe unborn. Accepting this advertisement at its face value, there never were such innocents as the Metropolitan Dairymen's Society.

Lest We Forget.

Unfortunately for the O'Neill, the official mouthpiece of the Rampers at their offices in King Street, Strand, he forgets that we remember. Let us quote again precious extracts from the circulars marked "Private" he sent out to Metropolitan dairymen in February last year, first reproduced in these columns. "As you are probably aware," he said, "efforts have recently been made to get the retail dairymen in London to come to a definite decision regarding the raising of the price of milk from 4d. to 4½d. a quart, and I am pleased to inform you that at a representative meeting of the large wholesale and retail dairy companies and dairymen it was unanimously decided to permanently increase the price of milk a halfpenny a quart." He went on to say that the Committee of the Society had had the benefit of the views of many of the largest buyers—buyers, mark you—and it was "in the interests of the whole trade to at once co-operate and assist in putting up the price to the public and maintain it throughout the whole of the summer." The enthusiastic O'Neill continued: "Now is your chance; do not on any account miss the opportunity of getting a fair return for your labour." Enclosed with the circular letter was a "Suggested circular to be sent to Customers." In the face of the extracts we have quoted, the statements in the enclosure intended for customers were mendacious bunkum. "We much regret," it opened, "that this step should have proved inevitable after the strenuous efforts and considerable personal sacrifices which have been made to avoid any change in the price of milk under existing circumstances."

Ever since then the Society has improved the occasion to mark up the price and maintain it at the sum fixed; from 4½d. to 5d., then to 6d., and for the autumn and winter, we believe, they are preparing a further advance.

The Little Man.

The big wholesalers have the smaller dairymen in the hollow of their hands. Many of the little men would have kept out of the scandal if they could; but if they do not follow the rampers they will get no milk. If the farmers were able to convey milk to the public without the jiggery-pokery of the big wholesalers, all the machinations of the rampers of King Street, W.C., would be in vain. A farmer, John Hunter, of Wisbech, wrote only a few days ago to say that though milk was selling in London at 6d. a quart, he was supplying it to London contractors at 2½d. a quart. With all the Metropolitan Dairymen's Society's tarradiddle about the farmers, contract prices prove that the milk farmer, after paying carriage to London, gets a little over 11d. a gallon for his milk and the contractors a little over 1s. 8½d. a gallon; to be precise, 2½d. a quart profit. To sum up, this milk ramp is one of the most audacious and iniquitous profiteering scandals of the war.

BESTIAL BOCHES.

REVOLTING CHARGE AGAINST INTERNED ALIENS.

Germany contains a larger number of sexual perverts than any other country in Europe, and it is therefore not surprising that at the internment camps in this country trouble of this kind should have been encountered. A particularly bad case was brought to light at Douglas (Isle of Man) Criminal Court, when Adolf Krahanan and Karl Kiesbauer, two enemy aliens interned at the Douglas Detention Camp, were charged with "being concerned together in an act of gross indecency"—at the cinema theatre of the camp. Both prisoners were ultimately found guilty; and scarcely too much emphasis can be laid upon the fact that, before the war, the wretched Krahanan, who seems to have been the instigator of the disgraceful affair, was a master in an English Grammar School. This circumstance was impressed upon the jury by Mr. H. P. Kelly in a speech for the defence, from which the following is a choice excerpt:—

> He proceeded to review the evidence, and in conclusion urged the jury to carefully consider the evidence as the charge made was a most serious one, and if Krahanan was found guilty it would blast his career and brand him as a man unfit to give instruction to the young.

In all the circumstances, these words from the lips of a British advocate seem strange; nor were matters much improved by the Deemster who, "taking into account the trying circumstances under which the prisoners lived," sentenced each of them to one month's hard labour, although "under ordinary circumstances, the offence would have been punished much more severely." It is hard to find reasons for this amazing conspiracy of kindness. A less callow Deemster than Deemster Callow would have left his mark on these choice examples of the genus Hun.

PENSIONS AND POVERTY.

THE HARDEST LOT OF ALL IN WAR TIME.

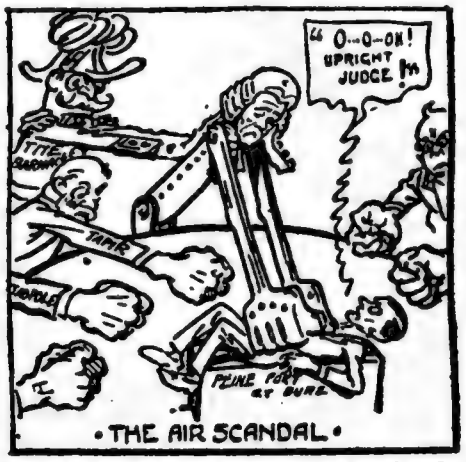
The Prime Minister, we believe, is very sympathetic towards the claim of the Old Age Pensioners to some special war-time consideration, but sympathy butters no parsnips, and the plight of many of these poor old folks is already desperate. Even before the war there were reported cases of aged pensioners starving to death upon their pittance of 5s. a week, and now, with food at famine prices, the situation calls imperatively for the generous intervention of the State. In the last few months a protest against the insufficiency of the present pension has been a frequent rider to the verdicts of coroners' juries. At an inquest at Southwark the coroner stated that he had had "numerous cases before him of poor people dying in a horribly neglected condition while trying to subsist on 5s. a week"—the bulk of which in the case then under notice had been absorbed in the payment of rent. Elsewhere, an aged woman, found dead in her lodgings, was said, after meeting the claims of the landlord, to have had 1s. 6d. a week for her support. Such tragic instances might readily be multiplied; on every hand we hear stories of hardship and privation, all pointing to the painful inadequacy of the existing pensions, and the urgent need for immediate relief. Without delay the matter should be pressed upon the attention of Parliament, and to this end we welcome the Conference of Friendly Society and Trades Union representatives, shortly to assemble at Newcastle for the discussion of the problem. With the figures of the War Budgets in mind, it is idle to pretend that we "cannot afford" to recognise our obligations to the aged poor, who have a right to expect at our hands a better fate than the pensioned penury which is their present lot.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

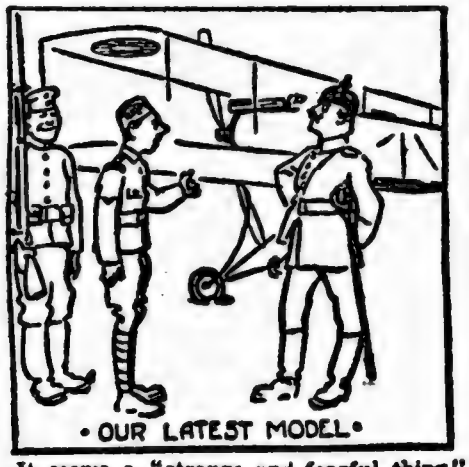
• THE RUMOURIST •

Into every simple ear
The whispered tale is poured;
But British patriots have no fear—
By such yarns they are bored!



• THE AIR SCANDAL •

Though pressed with questions day by day,
"P. B." retains his grip;
He boldly turns up for the fray,
Though they may "give him jip."



• OUR LATEST MODEL •

It seems a "strange and fearful thing"
That all our experts teach
Should by an error on the wing
Be placed in foemen's reach.

• CRETNA GRINS •

"Come into the saloon, Jock,"
Exclaims the "Uncontrolled,"
"You then can join the godly flock
And walk the streets of gold."

• OVERBOARD AT LAST! •

At last the Foreign Office take
A step, alas, belated,
To show our blockade is no fake—
We *can't* be much more hated!

• THE HIDDEN HAND •

The "Hidden Hand" is everywhere
Its frightful power showing;
It makes the patriot Briton swear,
But now, thank God, seems going!

POISONOUS MEAT.

GRAVE CHARGES AGAINST CONTRACTOR-"SPECIAL."

Meat "intended for but unfit for the food of man," on account of tuberculous or other diseased conditions, is a grave menace to the health of the community; and butchers harbouring the stuff for sale are guilty of an offence which in the general interest should be visited with severe penalties. We commend this reflection to the Tottenham Magistrates who recently sat in judgment upon Ernest Knifton, an Edmonton tradesman, described as "a well-known contractor and an Inspector of Special Constabulary," and Frederick Webb and William Bugg, the managers of two of his shops. The proceedings mainly related to portions of a cow found at the butcher's shop managed by Webb at 25, Hertford Road, Edmonton, and in regard to the condition of this meat the conclusions of the local Sanitary Inspector were reinforced by the evidence of Professor Wooldridge, an expert with 20 years' experience of meat inspection, who, at the request of the Medical Officer of Health, had submitted the carcase to close examination, with results thus outlined to the Bench:—

> The muscle tissue was wasted, the flesh imperfectly set, and a portion of the pleura had been removed—a condition contrary to the usual practice; it was only done to remove traces of some diseased part. Around the pleura which had been removed were traces of tubercular disease, and on examining the lymphatic glands, the common seat of tuberculosis, he found some extensively affected with tubercular disease. . . . Other glands were charged with blood, an indication of a diseased condition. . . . The disease was of old standing. . . . The meat was unsound and unfit for food.

It is fair to add that these appalling conclusions were rebutted by Mr. Correll, a local veterinary surgeon, who was ready to stake his oath that "the meat was quite sound"; but the Bench seem to have regarded this violent conflict of evidence with some amount of suspicion. Upon the facts before them they had no hesitation in convicting all three defendants; but at this point their wisdom—not to say their sense of public duty—seems to have deserted them. The fines imposed—£10 and £2 2s. costs in the cases of Knifton and Bugg, and £5 and £1 costs in the case of Webb—were ridiculously light, and it cannot be too strongly insisted that penalties of this nature are wholly inadequate for the protection of the public from an insidious and deadly peril.

MISGUIDED MAGISTRATES.

LIGHT-HANDED JUSTICE TO CONVICTED CULPRITS.

We are all for clemency in judicial proceedings, but there are times when leniency towards a criminal is an abuse of justice and a menace to public order. For example, at the Portsmouth Borough Police Court, before Messrs. G. H. Dean, W. J. Perkins and Edward Morgan, two youths—Robert Stapley and William Harris—were charged with what was described by the Bench as "sheer cruelty" to a number of pigs and sheep. For the leading evidence of this shocking conduct, the Magistrates were indebted to a lady who, out of compassion for the wretched animals, had followed the boys until a policeman was found and given them into custody. When remonstrated with upon the wanton cruelty of their behaviour, the culprits "only laughed," and went on belabouring the unhappy beasts until "one of the pigs had a wound over the nose an inch long," and one of the lambs was "smothered in blood." It may readily be imagined that the Magistrates were inexpressibly shocked at this tale of cold-blooded brutality. They fined one defendant 5s. and the other 10s. That was that. In a second case, a caulker in the dockyard pleaded guilty to the theft of a quantity of clothes from his neighbour, a Mrs. Phillips, whose husband, a naval man, is away on active service. The rascal admitted that, taking advantage of her husband's absence, he had slunk into the woman's house, and stolen the sailor's clothes; as contemptible a crime as can well be imagined. Again, we have no doubt that Messrs. G. H. Dean, W. J. Perkins and Edward Morgan were bubbling over with moral indignation; it was obviously essential to protect the homes of the gallant lads of the Fleet. The defendant, therefore, was severely spoken to, and bound over under the Probation Act. So that was that—and the two cases together go far to establish the justice of the reflection with which we started out.

HUNS IN CLOVER.

BRITISH MONEY AND ENEMY COMFORTS.

The Most Rev. the Bishop of Lichfield, who regards the war as "God's punishment of Europe," is evidently anxious to mitigate the rigour of Divine wrath—as far as the gentle Huns are concerned—for we find his Lordship's name, together with those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Lincoln, Mr. Carnegie, Lord Courtney, Lord Haldane, and a number of less distinguished persons, in the latest list of "supporters" of the Emergency Committee for the Assistance of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress, whose successive Reports are received by the general public with increasing disgust. In a period of six months the Committee claim to have received £9,915 in voluntary subscriptions, the Cadburys being still well to the fore with donations amounting to £700; while such names as those of Sir William Mather and Sir T. Fowell Buxton appear cheek by jowl with the honest signatures of Mr. B. Gundelfinger, the Baron Bruno Schroder, and the Deutsche Wohlthatigkeftgessellschaft—which seems, for all the room it takes up on paper, to have been good for no more than £5. Truly, perversity makes strange bed-fellows; and with the horrors of Wittenberg fresh in their minds, the British public will learn with angry amazement of the uses to which the funds of the Committee have been put. Week by week our own columns reveal the existence of want and hardship among the wives and widows, the children and other dependents, of our gallant fighting men; and, when we see British money frittered away in the entertainment of these pampered Huns, we take leave to form our own conclusions in regard to the patriotism of the donors.

THE COAL FINDER.

A SHARP SENTENCE WITHOUT MERCY.

Rose Ann Mahon is a poor, elderly woman of Derry, a "dealer in delf"—which means that she goes round with a basket, selling pottery. By the railway station she saw coal lying about. Being poor, firing being dear, and having a boy lying sick at home, she picked up coal that did not belong to her and placed it in her bag—to put it plainly, she stole coal, "value for 1s.," as the charge worded it. When challenged by a policeman as to what she carried, she replied, "Delf," afterwards saying a man told her she might pick up any coal lying on the quay. Of course she was guilty. But she bore a good character and had never been in Court before. There was, however, no mercy for Mrs. Mahon—only stern retribution. Eight Magistrates out of nine decided to award her one month's imprisonment. The ninth thought seven days would be "sufficient." We think that binding her over would have been plenty. But away she went, crying that there was no one to look after her "little boy of nine, lying sick at home." "Your case has been decided," said the Chairman, Mr. McCay; "you needn't say any more." We agree. The poor woman had said enough to melt any ordinary human heart, but eight Derry Magistrates sat stony and unmoved.

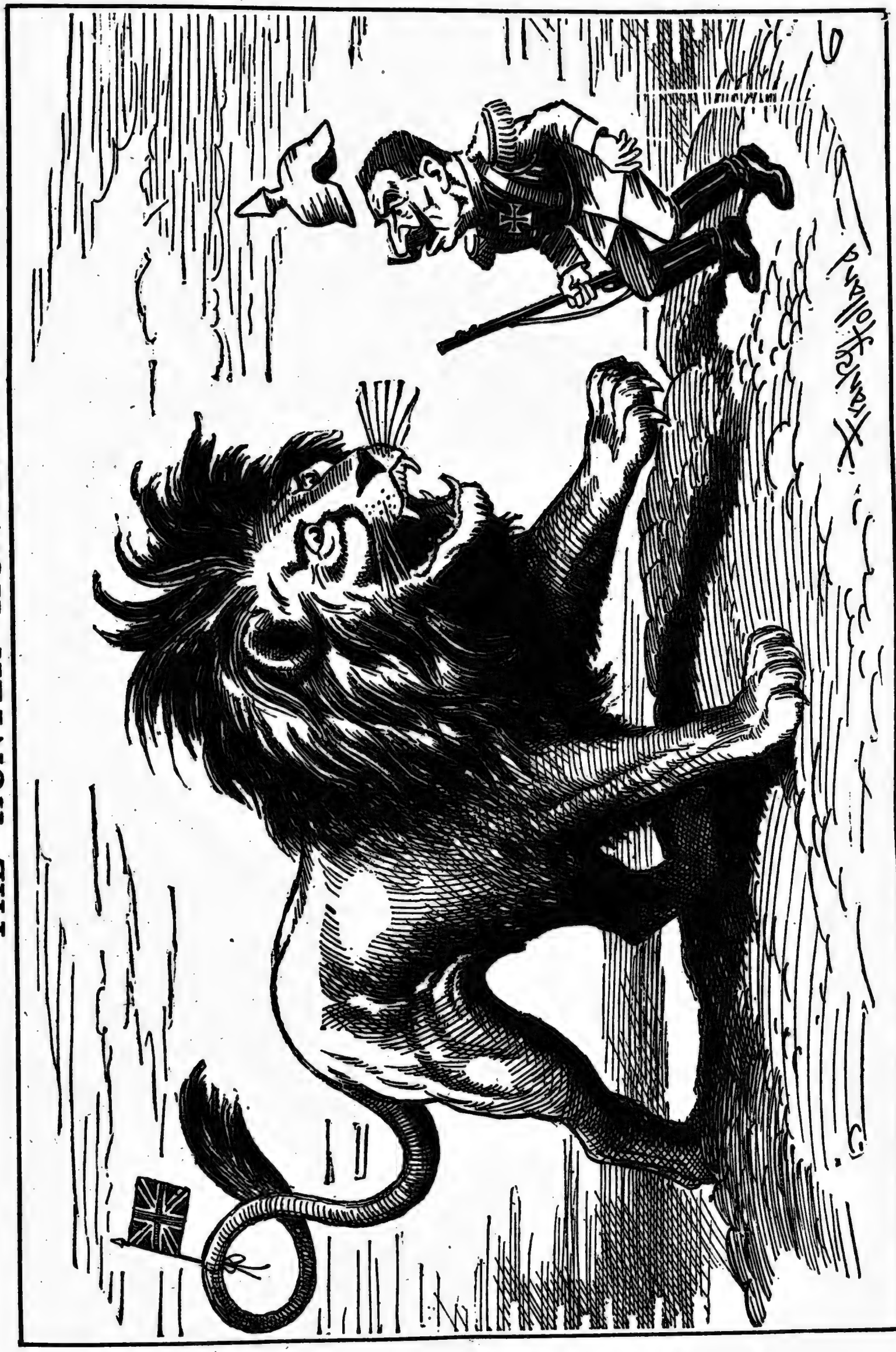
"TAKING LABOUR FROM THE LAND.

BUILDING A HOUSE AND KILLING THE CROPS."

In reference to the paragraph under this heading, published in our issue of June 17th, the gentleman to whom our correspondent apparently intended to refer tells us—enclosing certain documents—that in building the house in question—which he assures us is quite a small, plain structure, containing only five bedrooms in addition to servants' quarters, etc.—he has taken special care to see that no local agricultural labour shall be utilised, and that he is in a position to prove that no one engaged in agricultural pursuits has been so employed. The mechanics were, for the most part, elderly men, in many cases taken from the workhouse, they having had to throw themselves upon the rates after being informed by the Labour Exchanges that they knew of no work. We are glad to find that the state of things suggested by our correspondent does not in fact exist, and that the building operations are not open to his criticism.

If in doubt, give him a "John Bull" Pen.

THE HUNTER HUNTED.



"Sorry to have kept you waiting so long, William, but HERE I AM!"

ALL OPTIMISTS NOW! - - -

ALL is well in the West—the sun of victory is shining in the East. I told you that we had the Hun on the run. Well, he is still running. And if I could say all I know you would understand the full significance of what is happening from Ypres to Verdun, from Riga to the Bukovina. We have waited long for the beginning of the end. If some of us have been impatient it was not because we expected miracles or demanded the impossible; it was because we *knew* that a little more decision here, and much more courage and firmness there, would have justified sooner the optimism which has never left us. It will ever be a galling and a gnawing thought, that *we* might have done so much better and done it so much earlier if the spirit and determination of those who are set—or have set themselves—in authority over us had been as the spirit of the soldier and the fine fibre of the sailor. On sea and on land the fighting men have been dying to "get at 'em"—muddle and meddle, feebleness and flabbiness have bred delay and reared up avoidable barriers along the road to Triumph.

Awake at Last.

But—as I have so often said—we, who are keen for the fight and buoyantly certain of a smashing victory, don't want to waste more time than is necessary in criticism or recrimination. We want to see the Big Push, now that it has begun, supported by sledge-hammer blows; we want Victory soon and the Peace—the great abiding world-embracing Peace that can only come if we shatter the strength of the foe and bring him, broken and bleeding, to his knees. And what gives me so much comfort and adds to my confidence in the ultimate issue is that after all I have spoken and written, pleaded and—yes, if you like—threatened, throughout these long history-making months, *at last* I see through the darkness the consummation of hopes. Memories are short—this terrible and Empire-thrilling war piles event upon event, builds up mountains of happenings with such relentless speed, that it is difficult to keep pace with the day's doings. No wonder, then, that there is forgetfulness of yesterday—last month—last year. Measure some of the victories of the past few days—victories, I mean, in policy, in departmental decision, in Governmental action—and you will see that those of us who have been trying to hold the trenches at home—to beat down stupidity, to explode the mines of determination under the heaps of official indifference and indecision—have much to be proud of, to be thankful for. Our task is not ended, but we are beginning to get on. Take the blockade, for instance; what about the enemy? Yes, and even in the all-important matter of Reprisals we are seeing the flabby hand gaining strength. Of course, we feel angry. We are incensed at so much delay. But, thank God, there is a "move on" in Whitehall as in the West; Downing Street has caught the infection of the Great Rush—we have the Hun on the Run, and we are going to keep him busy until the run ends over the Rhine. Make no mistake—all that is happening at home is just as important, just as big with possibilities for the great victory, and the Peace which is to follow, as the thundering of the mighty guns along the British front or the onward rush of the soldiers of the Czar—the almost unchecked surge and sweep of Russia's wave in the East. Yes, to-day I am writing with a much lighter heart even than when last week I gave my message of confident hope—"The Hun on the Run." It is good to read of those gas attacks of the British recorded in the "German official." There was a time when Whitehall held up its hands in pimply pious horror at the mere idea. What, use asphyxiating fumes against the enemy! Terrible thought! The Hun might poison and kill our brave fellows with a cruel gas that slowly rotted away the lungs. We, as a Christian people, could do nothing in revenge or retaliation. Thank God, the late Lord Kitchener knocked that nonsense out of our politicians, and although we muddled and messed about while our men were still inhaling the choking fumes of death and were being bayoneted as they lay gasping and unconscious, the true spirit of warfare at last seized the Cabinet. And so we began to make war—ruthless, bloody war—in ruthless, deadly earnest.

The Rule of War.

Reprisals, retaliation—use any term you like; we are out to kill the Germhun. It is our business; yes, it is our duty to use every means—no, I do not use the word humane in this connection—to cripple and crush the Hun. For I hold that we are justified in any measures which will answer the fiendish enemy in language he understands and will shorten by one day—nay, by one hour—the life of this man-eating monster—the Butcher of Berlin! And we are at last threatening the foe with reprisals for his ghastly and inhuman treatment of prisoners, both civil and military. It is useless to appeal to pity, to try to make out that there is a spark of manhood in the enemy. He is the Hun—cruel, pitiless, ruthless, murderous. Neither the weakness of women, the helplessness of little children, nor the impotence of prisoners and captives, can touch those hearts of stone or set flowing the milk of human kindness in those bony breasts. A people who can rejoice over the drowning of helpless innocents and ring joy-bells for the *Lusitania* murders deserve no mercy; they dry up the founts of pity. "Do unto others as they do unto you." *That* is the rule of war. Our Government is only now awakening to this big truth. If the people of this country had known in 1915 what they are learning—in spite of the Government—in 1916, they would have demanded retaliation. And the Ministry that lacked the courage to use that weapon in defence of our own flesh and blood would not have lasted an hour. But the people did not know. They were deliberately kept in ignorance. Why, only within the last fortnight there was an official order issued to the Press of England against retailing stories of brutality and suffering related by returned prisoners! It might annoy the Hun—it might put his back up and stop the stream of exchanged prisoners! Was there ever such cant and humbug? Stop the stream! We recently sent back hundreds of Germhuns—the fiends sent us only a few score. When we talk about the "hidden hand," we are not merely using a phrase. We mean that hand—mysterious, unseen, always working for the enemy,

Victory Sure—and Sudden—A Shame Wiped Out.

By THE EDITOR.

never clenched to strike the blow for Empire and for Freedom. I care not what Ministers may say—that hand has been working since the first moments of war. Whether the hand be deliberately criminal or grossly incompetent, the result—the deadly result—has been the same. Here we have an order to the Press to keep quiet on the treatment of prisoners! Here we have a great prisoners-of-war meeting at the Queen's Hall abandoned by order of the War Office; and yet, while neither Press nor public meeting can voice the indignation and the horror of the British people, so damnable are the facts that the flood-gates of anger are burst in Parliament itself. While trying to silence the Press and shout down the voice of public protest, they have been compelled to proclaim these German infamies from the Parliamentary house-tops. Are we going to retaliate for these indignities inflicted on our brave fellows by an inhuman foe? Yes; that is the national hope. But the Government threat has the weakness—the usual weakness—of the unseen hand; they will consider "what steps shall be taken." We know what steps *should* be taken. What need for doubt or hesitation? If Ministers would not only read JOHN BULL but act upon its advice, it would be an "eye for an eye"—or, as we expressed it in terms of hunger—"a mouth for a mouth." That was our advice weeks ago—if the Germhuns starve our prisoners, we must starve theirs. I tried to take the Prime Minister at his word: "Are we—can we—and here I address myself for the moment to the neutral countries of the world—*are we to sit quiet, or can we sit quiet, as though we were still under the very protection of the restraining rule and the humanising usages of civilised war? We think we cannot.*" I should have thought that was plain enough language—plain enough and strong enough to assure the enemy as well as the neutral—to whom the Cabinet always turn a too-considerate eye—that we meant business. Yet until now we have not meant business. Bismarck once said that the late Lord Salisbury was a lath painted to look like iron.

Lawyer's Trimming.

Let us be watchful lest our own leading statesmen qualify for that description. I have quoted one sentence from the Prime Minister's speech. Here is another: "We are therefore driven to frame retaliatory measures in order in *our* turn to *prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany.*" How often have those words been recalled! But now, good reader, listen to something which you hadn't noticed—the lawyer's trimming: "These measures will, however, be enforced . . . . in *strict* observance of the dictates of humanity." There you have it—always some "get-out." In other words, we won't starve the Huns! All these solemn pronouncements were made fifteen months ago in the House of Commons. They were intended as an answer to the challenge of submarine frightfulness, and that answer was to be a ruthless blockade. "There is no form of economic pressure to which we do not consider ourselves entitled to resort," was another fine phrase, and of course simple men believed the threat. But they did not notice the artfulness of the qualifying words. While "entitled," the Cabinet have declined ever since to exercise their title to the full. It is only now, after nearly two years of war, that we are to have—I hope that at last it is understood—a ruthless blockade, an economic pressure which, if it had acted from the beginning on the food, the clothing, upon every article of warmth and sustenance, on every material for war, would have ended this conflict months ago.

A Shame Wiped Out.

That Declaration of London, made by the Foreign Office, fashioned by men not all of British birth, was the surrender of our sea-power to Germany. Its effect, if not its purpose, was to make Great Britain weak on the sea while leaving the Germhun strong on the land. It was an infamous instrument which Sir E. Grey, to his eternal shame, forced into operation by the use of the King's signature when war was declared, in spite of the fact that the House of Lords had refused to sanction it. Nothing will wipe out the stain of that attempt—and, for a time, successful attempt—to fasten the shackles of weakness on to the Navy. It is so difficult, even in these hours of an optimism more buoyant than ever, to restrain my indignation when I think of what more might have been done if the Foreign Office had been swept out of existence on the outbreak of war. It has interfered with the Navy, in its supreme task—crippling the enemy on the seas. Germhuny has been able to continue the war because our fighting fleet has been prevented from doing its duty—stopping all supplies likely to reach the enemy. Now that infamy is ended. But the men who have been responsible for these fatal delays and blunders deserve impeachment. And if I have anything to do with it—if after the war I have any influence with the nation—they will be arraigned on a just charge, and will be compelled to defend themselves and render account of their false stewardship. How Germhuny must have chuckled when she gulled our representatives into forging the instrument which has kept the Navy weak! Thank God, our French Ally has helped to break those gyves, and the Navy is at last free.

All Optimists Now!

Yes, we have him on the run, and he is still running. Everywhere the big boot of resolution is kicking him in the back, and he will soon be making tracks towards the Rhine. And the enemy in our midst, just as much as the enemy in the field, must also be put on the run. Official tenderness must give place to Ministerial resolution. Politicians who used to be full of excuses for the Hun in England are at last making real attempts to shut him up or kick him out. Enemy firms are being dealt with as enemies, and there is even hope that the fraud of the naturalised German is to end. Vigour and vim in the Government—that is what I have been longing for. Is it being too optimistic to suggest that the palsy of the "hidden hand" is past? I devoutly hope I see correctly. All we want is the fighting quality at home, to support our splendid valour and unflinching strength on land and sea. Then the Victory will be as sudden as it is certain. We are *all* optimists now!

OUT ON SUNDAY

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

Next Sunday will contain the first of a series of articles which may well be described as the most remarkable and authoritative utterances on the war that any newspaper in the world has been privileged to publish, entitled—

THE FOUR CHAPTERS OF THE WAR

By the Right Hon.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

M.P.

To whom Great Britain owes the fact that her mighty Navy was mobilised on the outbreak of war. Mr. Churchill has been Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, President of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary, and First Lord of the Admiralty. In the history of our time no other statesman of Mr. Churchill's years can look back upon a record of such ample achievement. These articles, the first of which will appear in Sunday's issue, have been specially written for the

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

NEXT SUNDAY (July 9th)

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

A RUDE RECTOR.

BEAUTY—WITH A BLEMISH.

The village of Ingram is in the county of Northumberland, and a young lady at Kendal, who applied for the post of Head Mistress at the village school, was informed that Ingram was, in the degenerate jargon of the day, "a God-forsaken hole." "There were only four houses," she learned, "in the near neighbourhood of the school; the rest very few and far between." Moreover, "snow lay on the fells the greater part of the year; the railway service was very poor—and the postman visited only every other day." Nice—very, for those who love the solitary grandeur of lake and fell; but our lady friend was not wholly enamoured of the prospect, and she therefore addressed a courteous letter to the Rector of Ingram, the Rev. Roland Algood, inquiring whether her information was correct. Observe the genial grace of the reverend gentleman's reply:—

> I am in receipt of your letter. . . . . Ingram is a place where "every prospect pleases and only man is vile." From your letter I should judge that you preferred vile man to any prospect, however pleasing; and it is fairly obvious that pleasure and self-satisfaction come first in your life, and the school, scholars and teaching only come second. We have already had one or two of that sort, and I don't honestly think it would be worth your while making the journey.

It is not too much to say that our correspondent is deeply grateful to the Rector for his vivid sidelight upon his saintly disposition, which has relieved her of the least desire to cultivate his nearer acquaintance, or that of the charming district "where every prospect pleases and only man is"—rude!

DEAR DAYLIGHT.

MODERN CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Several electric lighting companies, fearing the effects of the longer days, are calmly passing the burden on to the customer. The public is to pay, as usual. Perhaps the Brompton and Kensington Electricity Supply Co., Ltd., is as brazenly hypocritical as most—perhaps more so. It added 10 per cent. some time ago; now it claps a further 10 per cent. on to the poor consumer, hoping he will not be consumed with rage. And this is how the doing of the deed is worded: "Dear Sir (or Madam)"—it matters not which to the company; both sexes are alike to it—"In consequence of the operation of the 'Daylight Saving' Act, and in furtherance of the appeal of the Board of Trade to economise as far as possible in the use of electricity and gas (owing to the need for reducing the consumption of coal), the price of current will be increased by a further 10 per cent." There you have special pleading with a vengeance. In consequence of Daylight Saving, you must pay more for saving electricity. Because the Board of Trade wants to save coal, you must economise in your light, and pay through the nose for your economy. Be thrifty, and pay for it. It is your duty to save, and it will cost you only a "further" 10 per cent. Consumers, unless they go without artificial illumination, are helpless in the hands of the companies, who exploit them mercilessly. Some companies, even when nothing is consumed, charge a stiff minimum for graciously continuing the installation. Perhaps, one day, Parliament will find time to see to this. And perhaps not!

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

The first of the four days at Newmarket will be over before these lines are read, and some of the horses mentioned may have already been seen out. I fancy the following for the remaining days:—WEDNESDAY—Duke of Cambridge Handicap, CONQUEROR; Stud Produce Stakes, ST. BLAIR G.; Plantation Plate, RIVEN*; Solam Plate, ERL KING. THURSDAY—July Cup, VOLTA; Exeter Stakes, DARK DINAH C.; Princess of Wales' Stakes, KWANG SU*; Girton Handicap, M'DAME. FRIDAY—Fulbourne Stakes, WHITEWASH; Princess Plate, RIVEN (if kept for this); Waterbeach Handicap, CALDER VALE*; Ellesmere Stakes, ARIUS.

"THE SPECIAL," containing full notes and selections for the meeting, is now on sale, and may be obtained from Messrs. ODHAMS LTD., 93, Long Acre, W.C. (price 6d.).

Orders for wires must be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C., and not to our publishers. Any one day 5s., or five wires for £1.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for July 1st, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 408,872 and A 121,116. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

FRANCIS GAYLAND, 384, Portland Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. June 10th. A190,462.

JOHN WILLIAMS, 105, Clarence Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow. May 27th. 768,257.

A. DALE, 63, Lime Terrace, Oldbury, Birmingham. June 10th. A083,422.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 1st:—

003,652	325,456	571,153	874,130	A126,878
068,031	347,397	598,642	882,467	A177,622
116,754	380,654	624,551	899,335	A198,244
139,500	408,562	639,487	920,071	A213,588
152,447	431,472	683,365	947,685	A235,792
179,268	466,337	705,448	983,448	A266,965
224,893	483,925	736,944	A007,179	A289,633
247,675	519,658	782,219	A036,807	A327,572
266,984	548,539	820,763	A055,620	A368,428
298,110	567,203	859,025	A080,528	A380,314

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published July 12th).

Have you a friend or relative at the Front? If so, do you forward him a copy of "JOHN BULL"?

Old Neptune came up for a blow,
He couldn't get a smoke down below;
But he'd found a threepenny bit,
And he's now investing it
In the very latest hit,
Chairman Juniors, don't you know.

If you have Chairman Juniors you have really good cigarettes. They are made of pure Virginia tobacco so blended that they smoke cool to the tongue and have a flavour that pleases nine men in every ten. Quality has not been sacrificed to size—they are just the necessary amount smaller than the original Chairman Cigarettes to permit them to be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them. . . And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 21.

"And I hope we have such true English hearts and zealous affection towards the general weal of our Mother Country as no Members of either House will scruple to deny themselves, and their own private interests, for the public good."

Oliver Cromwell, House of Commons, Dec. 9th, 1644.

HOW TO END THE WAR.

A New Parliament in England to Support the Army in the Field.

The Election of a new House of Commons would be a decisive step in determining the war to a speedy, vigorous and effectual issue.

ON FIVE SEPARATE COUNTS.

I. To infuse fresh blood and energy behind the Government.

II. To secure a House elected directly on the War issue from the people who are paying the Bill in blood and money.

III. To appoint and detail a Business War Directorate. One skilled man in sole executive charge of each section of the War, as follows:—

I. Navy.
II. Army.
III. Air.
IV. Home Defence.
V. Munitions.
VI. Destructive Science.
VII. Recruiting.
VIII. Food.
IX. Transport.
X. Engineering.
XI. Press.
XII. Finance (Govt. Contracts)
XIII. Blockade.

Under the guidance of one Chief Director, responsible to the House.

IV. To dictate terms of peace upon the basis of the Germans evacuating the land they have stolen.

V. To drive home to the German people a realisation of the truth, namely, that the English people are unitedly and resolutely determined to support this Government and their Army to the definite issue of the War.

METHOD OF ELECTION.

A General Election to be held upon one early appointed day and every man and woman in England, Scotland and Wales, from the age of 21 years, to have the right to vote. This to avoid the needless delay and expense of a Complicated Registration Bill. No more dawdling in flesh and blood. England expects every man and every woman to vote their duty.

These views have been amplified to the Public and the Press of the towns of Sunderland, Newcastle, Darlington, Hull, Derby, Chesterfield, Nottingham, Leicester, Nelson, Burnley, Blackburn, and Huddersfield.

All interested in this movement should communicate with

ARTHUR TURNBULL,
Esmond Hotel, Russell Sq., W.C.,
at whose instigation this advertisement is published.

TALKS WITH NOTORIOUS HUNS.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

BY OUR OWN NEUTRAL.

I found Little Willie in an undamaged château well out of range of the guns defending Verdun.

"Not taken Verdun yet, then, your Lowness—er—*High*ness, I *should* say," I remarked. "You're leaving it rather late. There won't be much left to loot by the time your artillery has done with it."

"That the idea not is," replied the All Lie-est's hopeless Hopeful. "The French precautions now take when they hear I coming am. They their treasures to a safe place move."

"Then what's your idea in hanging about Verdun?" I asked, astonished.

"Hush!" whispered the Prince Charming, glancing around to see that no ears but his own were within eye-shot. "We here are because we go now cannot. Because if now we go, we defeated are, and the German Army cannot defeated be. It the German people annoy would. They starvation put up with will: with defeat—no."

"But your people will have to know, sooner or later, that you have sent half a million of the flower of the German Army to Hell in front of Verdun—for nothing."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Pup of Potsdam, "but we peace shall make before they know. Then they so pleased shall be that they forget."

"Why not make peace at once, and get it over, then?" I asked.

"We would, but our enemies obstinate are," was the reply. "They to look at the War Map refuse. They to drive us back into Germany determined are. But we move cannot. When from our front we to retire begin, the Allies on us will spring like wolves."

"Ah, that will be a sight worth seeing," I said, rubbing my hands.

"But at the prospect of Germany's retreat you pleased appear! That neutral is not."

"I was thinking of the 'movies,'" I explained hastily. "There'll be dollars in it for the guy who grabs the sole rights. Films of the Huns skedaddling back through Belgium, with the French and British prodding them in the rear, would be dead sure of some sale. You'd better sell some of the Old Masters you nobbled, and take shares. You won't be able to sell your *New* Masters, you know."

The Crown Pinch peered at me suspiciously with his pig eyes, saying "You Americans all for dollars are."

"Who said I was an American?" I demanded indignantly. "I'm a distinguished neutral, not a Yank."

A Staff Officer entered.

"Another division wiped out, Highness," he announced woodenly.

"Then another one forward send," commanded the military genius whose antics have imparted so much refined humour to the War. "But see that they all their cash and valuables at Staff Headquarters leave before they to Hell go."

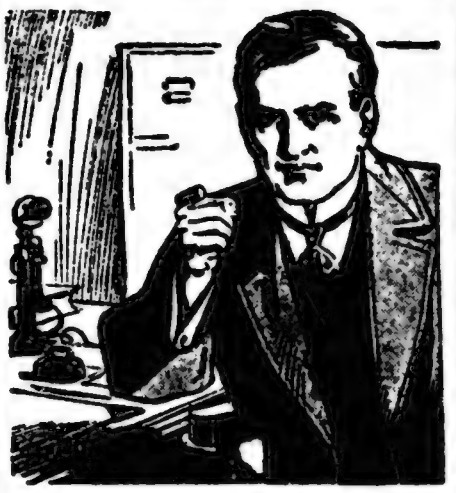
Buttoning my jacket over my watch and chain, I discreetly withdrew.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

Mornin', your Grace. . . . *Shavin'?* Yessir. I'll give you a proper Ecclesiastical scrape, or I'm no barber. You'd better take yore collar orf, if you don't mind, yore Grace. Rum things, clerical collars, ain't they, sir? I've orfen wondered w'y they does up at the back. P'raps it's to preteck the Adam's apple—the on'y bit of the Ole Adam bishops an' curates an' cetra are supposed to 'ave left, I take it. I *'ave* 'eard tell it's the bit of core wot Eve 'anded over to 'er ole man w'en she'd et orl the meaty part of the Cox's Orinoge Pippin, an' it stuck in 'is throat ever since. But don't chew think, sir, thet these 'ere orl-round collars is p'raps responsible fur wot they calls Clergyman's Sore Throat? They do say thet the more you expose yore throat, the stronger it is. Look at our sailors—bare to the collar-bone! An' most of them's got voices you could break coke with. An' look at the gals! They're pritty near orlways bare-necked down to w'ere the dimples start—an' *they're* never tired o' torkin'. But clergymen, wot put a sorter w'ite-washed wall round their bushel-an'-peck, suffers from sore throat an' the Oxford voice, as they call it—works three 'ouses a night, 'e does. . . . No, your Grace, not public-'ouses—thee-ayters. But thet reminds me. I see you've bin goin' fur the pubs again, an' bin told orf proper by Ben Tillett. I tell yer, sir, you ain't doin' yerself no good with the workin' clawsses by keepin' on bla'guardin' 'em about booze. F'rinstance, torkin' to the Canterbury Diocesan Conference at Lambeth Pallis the other day, you sed you 'ad *'card* it sed—*'card* it sed, minjer, w'ich is 'earsay, an' not worth a pony o' mild ale as evidence—that a 'ospital ship with wounded soljers wos 'eld up twelve hours becos the firemen wos drunk. W'en you considers wot the workin' clawsses 'ave done in this wore, both fightin' an' munition makin', it do seem 'ard thet a bishop should go out of 'is way to charge 'em, from the comfort an' security of 'is luxurious pallis, with bein' boozers. Tom Chambers arst you for the name of the ship, so as yore charges could be investigated. I 'aven't 'eard w'ether you've give it yet. . . . *Don't want to gil the un'appy men into trouble?* Now, thet ain't the right way to look at it, yore Grace. As it stands, yores is a charge against the black squad of *orl* the 'ospital ships. Ain't it better to give the men away (if wot you *'eard wos* true) then let orl the rest be under the stigma? *I* reckon so. . . . There, sir, 'ow will thet do? Will you 'ave a spray? . . . *Wot is it?* W'y, bay rum, o' corse. . . . *Won't 'ave nuthink to do with rum?* Then a little powder, p'raps? though I ashore you powder ain't much more moral an' respectable then rum. Walk down Piccadilly an' see. Good mornin', yore Grace, thank you.

Have you a friend or relative at the Front? If so, do you forward him a copy of "JOHN BULL"?



A

Money-Earning Book for You

SPECIAL WAR-TIME OFFER TO THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

Every man and woman must now be prepared to undertake greater responsibilities.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these books free, if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 219, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Munition Work.
—Business Training.
—Book-Keeping.
—Shorthand.
—Typewriting.
—Salesmanship.
—Shopkeeping.
—Advertising.
—Motor Engineering.
—Industrial Chemistry.
—Coal & Metal Mining.
—Mechanical E
—Electrical E
—Careers for Men.
—Draughtsmanship.
—Architecture and Building.
—Civil Service Positions
—Marine Engineering.
—Steam Engineering
—Woodworking.
—Illustrating and Designing.
—Electric Lighting

NOTE.—If the above l

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Name.....

Address.....

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HOW MUNITION MAKERS CURE BAD FOOT TROUBLES.

FIND NOVEL WAY TO BANISH FOR EVER THE CORNS, CALLOUSES, SORENESS, SWELLING, ACHING, ETC., CAUSED BY UNACCUSTOMED FOOT STRAIN.

It is a fact not generally known, but practically all serious foot tortures can be instantly relieved and permanently cured by simply resting the feet a few minutes in ordinary saltrates water. This softens even the worst corn, so they painlessly come right out, root and all, at the first touch. On account of distance from the heart serious foot disorders are usually due to defective circulation, shoe pressure, and consequent irritation at these extremities. The saltrated water will immediately stimulate the circulation, clear out sebaceous and poisonous matter from the clogged pores, render the skin active and healthy, and prevent offensive odours or injurious effects of acid perspiration. All chemists keep the common Reudel Bath Saltrates, a few ounces of which should prove more than sufficient to permanently end any foot misery for all time and at slight cost. Dissolve about a level tablespoonful in warm water for a foot-bath. This produces medicated water similar in composition to that of famous natural curative springs. Among other remarkable qualities, this compound contains elements which actually liberate one cubic foot of free oxygen to the ounce, thus closely resembling in exhilarating effect the famous Nauheim oxygenated water treatment so extensively used at celebrated health resorts for general bathing purposes, and especially for chronic gout, etc. Try this refreshing saltrated foot-bath after coming in footsore from tennis or a long walk. You will soon feel like dancing with joy, and your newest, tightest boots become comfortable as the oldest pair you have.—D.L.C.

NOTE.—There has as yet been no rise in the price of this compound, but as in the case of all drugs during the War, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time.

[ADVT.]

This Reducing Corset

is the newest invention for providing proper support to the figure while overcoming the dangers of obesity. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Prevents weakness. Money refunded if not perfectly satisfied.

Price 12/11 sent Carriage Paid U.K.

State Size Required.

WIR-MIR CORSETS,

9, Bradley Street, Manchester.

Jack at Sea

has a hard job. And he doesn't get too great a variety of food. Won't you send him a large tin of

Kkovah Health Salt

It's a deliciously refreshing drink and its valuable saline and aperient properties are just what he wants to keep him fit, ready for action if the enemy will only give him a chance. There is nothing so good for him—nothing he'll enjoy so much. A large tin costs only 1/-; isn't he worth it? Don't forget—call at your grocer's on the way home, and get a tin for yourself

Of all Grocers, etc., in 6d. and 1s. tins.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Limited, Cornbrook, Manchester.

SEND FOR LARGE TIN

If unable to obtain, a large tin will be sent on receipt of P.O. or stamps 1/-. Please mention grocer and we will refund postage.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

This from a poor forlorn woman: "I have not a friend in the world but my husband"—and he is lying seriously ill, having been discharged from the Service. There was no food, fire or money in the house until our registered letter arrived.

During the past week we were called upon by four soldiers whose wives had died. The men were given leave to come home and bury them; but they lacked the necessary money until they came to JOHN BULL.

Another class of applicant has lately sought our aid. Men are called upon to report themselves for service on a certain near date. They naturally thereupon surrender their employment and wind up their affairs. In numerous cases, however, when they assemble they are sent back home with orders to remain there until further notice! Their occupation, of course, is gone, and no master will give them employment as they may be called up any day. Numbers of families have thus been plunged into destitution—as the natural breadwinner has sometimes been left stranded in this way for months—and the effort to relieve them has added enormously to the strain on our fund.

We also regret to have to say that widows of men killed in action are being refused pensions on the ground that their husbands had not made homes for them before enlistment. We take it that the class affected are the women who married serving soldiers after the war began. The number of applications for relief from this class is growing weekly. The authorities have power to shield themselves behind the regulation announcement that "pensions cannot be claimed as a right," but the knowledge that his newly-wed wife will get nothing should he die in action will not put much spirit into the man who is fighting for us.

The widow's only son was promised immunity from service, but thousands who support their widowed mothers—who are often badly enough off at present, and many of them frail and ill—are being called to the Colours. The unfortunate widow is given Government allowance according to the amount she received from her son, and not infrequently finds herself with only 3s. 6d. a week to keep her from starvation. Here, again, extra pressure is put upon our fund.

We have to repeat that the want of business methods at the War Office is responsible for a tremendous amount of distress. Further batches of men discharged in uniform and without money and papers have visited us this week. They cannot obtain work, as they have no civilian clothing, and they must fend for themselves as best they can until their discharges are completed—which may mean, for many of them, months of want and privation.

A woman has five sons at the front. Four of them are married, and naturally cannot allot in her favour. From the fifth she receives the regulation amount of 3s. 6d. a week. She has two daughters at home, one of whom obtains casual and ill-paid work the other suffers from paralysis. The widow wrote to us stating her trouble, and we temporarily mended matters for her.

A poor little boy lies dying of tuberculosis of the stomach. His father is in Flanders, and his grieving mother is unable to buy the lad the nourishment which his case demands. We have helped.

A soldier's widow also came to us in her distress. Her daughter was dead, and her son is slowly passing away from consumption. The woman receives occasional help in the shape of food from her charitable neighbours. It was a very pitiful case, and we took the necessary action.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *YOU* HELP?

"Proceeds of Entertainment by Electric Theatre Co., Ltd., Harrismith" (per J. M.), £10 16s. 3d.; L. S., 1s.; "Unsuccessful Competitor," 6d.; W. S., 2s.; "A Very Nice Half," 7s. 6d.; Mrs. A., 5s.; M. G. (Putney), 1s. 6d.; R. P., 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Sweetheart," 2s.; Mrs. M. W., 6d.; W. R. B. (Canada), £1 0s. 6d.; W. F. P., 1s.; Mrs. H., 1s.; Mrs. E. S., 6d.; "Nancy Blackwood and a Friend," 10s.; W. J., 6d.; "A Six Years' Reader of JOHN BULL," 2s. 6d.; "A Welshwoman," 2s. 6d.; R. A. B. F., 1s.; "One of the Crowd," 1s.; W. C. B., £1 1s.; E. H. (Limerick), £1; "A Constant Reader," 1s.; Mrs. J. M. D., 1s.; W. G. R., 6d.; E. D. (Sheffield), 10s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Mrs. G. C. (Durban), 5s.; "Beckenham," 1s.; D. B., 1s.; J. D., 2s.; L. C., 1s.; F. J. G., 5s.; "Davinia," 2s.; "Normand," 5s.; A. McC., 1s.; Mrs. C. B. T., 14s.; "Edward's Birthday," £1; E. M., 1s.; "Amy B.," 10s.; J. R. (Edinburgh), 5s.; W. T., 2s. 10d.; "Katie" (Gosforth), 2s.; M. T., 1s.; C. A., £1; "Honest Miner," 2s.; V. M., 2s.; Mrs. S. (Hove), 1s.; M. O., 2s.; Anon), 1s.; C. R. (Leeds), 5s.; J. G., 1s.; "Rosa," W. L. (Liverpool), £1; "An English Bishop," £5 5s.; S. E. (H.M.S. *Jonquil*), £3; "Gunner R.A.," 5s.; "The Crown and Anchor Merchant," 8d.; J. D., 6d.; J. McA., 1s.; W. S., 1s.; A. D., 6d.; W. C., 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Kitty," 14s.; "The B'hodega B'hoys," £2 2s.; F. G., 1s.; R. K., 6d.; A. T., 6d.; A. A., 6d.; Miss R. M., £3 3s.; A. T., 1s.; W. G. B., 1s. 6d.; C. P., 2s.; A. C. R., 6d.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; E. S., £2 12s. 6d.; W. G. H., 17s. 6d.; K. M., 1s.; N. L. (Cambridge), 1s.; A. McC., 1s.; H. A. S., 1s.; L. R., 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "A Lover of Justice," 1s.; Mrs. E. M., 11s. 4d.; "Lilian and E." (Bradford), 3s. 6d.; "Rose-bud," 2s. 6d.; H. E., 5s.; "Ma'aya," £1; P. F., 6d.; "Losyl," 1s. 6d.; "Two Weeks' Collection. C. P. S." (Woolwich Arsenal), 14s.; "Grateful," 2s. 6d.

Mr. B. A. Collins, the First Prizewinner in our 190th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

HATFIELD.—Mr. Weedon "Green Man," 2s. 7½d.

SHENLEY.—Mr. A. Whitfield, "White Horse Hotel," 4s.

BILSTON.—Mr. Fred Rothery Ellis, "Hippodrome," 8s. 4d.

DUBLIN.—Mr. M. Metcalfe, 151, Great Britain Street, 2s. 6d.

LONDON.—Messrs. L. Beurrier, 28, Orange Street, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Harrison, "Crown," Mayfield Road, Dalston, 3s. 2d.; Messrs. Collison and Osgood, "Mason's Arms," Harrow Road, 3s. 3½d.

It's not the *start* but the *finish* that counts —you'll enjoy my BIG EXTRA LARGE cigarettes to the *very end*

If you want good luck, good value and a good smoke, see that my face and name are on every cigarette you light up

The Canteen sells them; see that the bright green band is around each packet

Black Cat

EXTRA LARGE

MILD VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

20 for 8d | 10 for 4d | 50 for 1/8

If you cannot obtain Black Cat cigarettes write to our West End Depot, 55 Piccadilly W. Made by Carreras, Ltd. Arcadia Works City Road, London, E.C. Established in 1788

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Contains medicinal extracts of roots, barks and leaves, which have a remarkably beneficial effect upon the organs of digestion, toning up the stomach and stimulating the action of the liver and bowels.

THE IDEAL DIGESTIVE TONIC

If your digestive organs are in a sound and healthy condition, if they are extracting nourishment from the food you eat, there ought to be no sign of pain or discomfort. But thousands are afraid to eat because of the pains that follow even their lightest meal. Possibly the stomach is out of order, the liver a little sluggish, or the bowels constipated. Get them into a state of healthy activity by taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, the world-famous digestive tonic, and you will be able to eat without any painful after-effects. Your food will be well digested. You won't know it is being digested, and that, after all, is the best test of good digestion—not to know about it. Thirty drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup, taken after meals, have helped tens of thousands to enjoy their food, and enabled them to avoid the pains and miseries of indigestion. Think of their experience, and profit by it.

BANISHES

INDIGESTION

The 2/9 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/3 size.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, refreshing. I used to same day each week, to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 21.

An APPEAL

TO BRITISH JUSTICE *and* FAIR PLAY!

WHY is MILK 6d. per QUART?

The Dairyman's Reply.

UNMERITED ATTACKS.

Retailers of Milk have been most unfairly and unjustly attacked by a certain section of the Press on the price of milk, and the question continuously asked by the consumer is—"Why is no answer forthcoming from the Dairyman?"—and his presumed silence has allowed a suspicion that the charges levelled against him were true.

The fact is that while the news columns were open to the complainant, they were barred to any reply in such particular newspapers—interviews, letters, and information repeatedly furnished being ignored or suppressed.

BOARD OF TRADE INQUIRY.

At the request of the President of The Board of Trade, a deputation of the London Dairy Trade attended at the Board's Offices, and unhesitatingly produced their trading accounts showing that the **business done during the past Winter resulted in a heavy loss.** The information furnished, and the replies to the numerous questions, satisfied the Board of Trade that the charge of 6d. per quart was fully justified and reasonable under war conditions.

The Dairy Trade welcome further inquiry by the National Food Committee now sitting.

HOW MILK IS BOUGHT!

Contracts are entered into with Farmers in March and September. As is well known, milk was in very short supply during the past Winter. The question of increasing the price to 6d. per quart was then considered, but Dairymen were most reluctant to increase the retail price if it could be avoided, and decided to bear their losses until the March contract season came round, in the hope that conditions would then be more favourable. Time has shown that this was a mistaken policy, as they had failed to realize that the Farmer was also losing money and was waiting for a renewal of his contract at the **much higher prices which are now being paid.** War bonuses are also being generally paid on contracts made in September last.

BEEF VERSUS MILK.

The very high prices ruling for meat gave the farmer the alternative of marketing his cows for beef, thus saving labour, of which the farm was being drained by the call to the Colours, and incidentally conserving his production of hay, for which there is a clamant demand at doubled prices, and of turning his attention to less laborious branches of agriculture.

The Dairyman judged it wise and in the Public interest to yield to the demand of the farmers so that the Dairy herds should not be slaughtered, and in order to maintain a continuous supply of milk, thereby avoiding what threatened to become a milk famine.

THE DANGER OF SHORTAGE!!

Experience has so far shown the wisdom of this action, but the danger is not yet past, as, unless the Public support the Dairy Trade by paying a fair price, and the farmer is assured a remunerative return for his milk, then the milking cows will undoubtedly be slaughtered and cannot be replaced for some years. This would be a national calamity and would place the price of milk quite out of the reach of the poor and necessitous.

IT MUST NEVER BE OVERLOOKED THAT THE WHOLE QUESTION IS LARGELY ONE OF MILK OR BEEF!

Speaking at Lincoln recently, LORD SELBORNE, Minister of Agriculture, said:—

"Amid the difficulties which beset the milk farmer there was a temptation for him to sell his cows for beef. There was a great danger of a failure in our milk supply. He implored the farmers to maintain their Dairy herds. The children must have milk, and it would be a terrible thing if in the closing months of the war there was anything approaching a milk famine."

WHERE THE MONEY GOES!

In addition to the greatly increased price paid for milk to the producer, horses and fodder have doubled in price; coal and coke, for washing and cleansing utensils is in like condition; churns, cans, bottles, paper, freights and everything connected with the Milk Service has risen enormously.

The wages of the staff engaged in the milk industry have been increased to meet in some measure the higher cost of living, the net result being that **profits to-day on a retail price of 6d. per quart are much less** than they were in normal times when the retail price was at 4d.

WHAT 5d. PER QUART MEANS!

One of the largest distributors of milk in a London suburb, demonstrated to the Board of Trade that, at 5d. per quart, his business was being carried on at a loss, and that it was only a question on which near date he would be compelled to advance to 6d. Unscrupulous competition, and abuses, left him the alternative of a loss of business or a loss on trading, and he elected to suffer the latter on the score of expediency.

The small but worthy Dairyman's lot at 5d. per quart for **pure unskimmed** milk means nothing short of bankruptcy, and his position is pitiful.

SURPLUS MILK.

Much has been heard of surplus supplies sold at low prices. The explanation is that it is impossible to produce or to purchase definite quantities from the producer, and a certain margin has to be allowed in order to assure adequate supplies all the year through. This margin occurs during the Spring months, but it is not wasted, for although bought and paid for at full contract prices, it is sold for manufacturing purposes at whatever prices may be available at the time. The Dairyman suffers the loss, but the Public benefit by having supplies of cheese and other foods at correspondingly advantageous rates later in the year. Failing a full yield of milk from mid-May to mid-June, the stock of cheese for the winter months would be seriously depleted.

ALLEGED MILK TRUST.

The advance in the price of milk is due solely to economic causes. Although there has been fusion of interests of some wholesale firms there is **NO MILK TRUST.** All the large retail Dairy Companies, and the larger private firms, are either independent producers or buyers of milk dealing direct with the farmer, and are in active competition with each other.

THE PRICE TO REMAIN AT 6d. PER QUART!

The whole situation—past, present, and the future outlook, has been most carefully reviewed by the members of the Dairy Trade, with the unanimous decision that no reduction of price can be contemplated for this Summer, but every effort will be made to avoid any increase.

Issued by the Metropolitan Dairymen's Society, 28, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Gathering in the Sheaves.

One of the latest Army Orders lays down that when a temporary unit created for the period of the war ceases to exist, balances of all regimental funds—including Officers' and Sergeants' Mess Funds, Canteen, Messing, etc.—will be remitted to the Paymaster for credit to the public! Perhaps it is the only practical way of winding up with some show of equity, but all the same it seems rather rough on those who have provided the money out of their hard-earned pay.

Throwing Cash About.

If you want to make money, join A Battery, R.H.A., at Bulford Camp, and find somebody to get you the job of officers' servant! A new scale of pay has been laid down for the valet. If he attends one officer he gets 2s. 6d. a week. Should he look after two, he will get 1s. 6d. for each of them, 1s. for three, ninepence each for four, and sixpence each for five "or more." Fancy a poor devil acting as "gentleman's gentleman" for five or more officers for half-a-crown a week! Why, the daily cleaning of five pairs of boots would be sufficient service for the paltry sum.

In England, Too!

We are glad to know that our comments on the feeding of the men at Kinmell Camp, in Wales, have had good effect. Elsewhere, particularly on the East Coast, we find that the men are catered for on a scale which would create a mutiny in a workhouse. Officially, the men are supposed to have a good helping of meat for dinner, but in some cases they are given only biscuits and cheese. Quite recently we saw a battalion step off for a long route march and tactical exercise which would last for best part of a day, each of the Tommies carrying only a slice of bread and dripping as rations. When the authorities have finished their investigation of the conditions in the German camps, perhaps they will appoint a Commission to look into this matter. It cannot be that we are training the men against the possibility of their falling into the hands of the Huns and being placed in starvation laagers!

Good News.

Up to the present, the rule has been one separation allowance only to one family. We understand an Order is about to be issued which will grant a Government separation allowance on behalf of both a husband and a son. We congratulate the War Office on this step, which will relieve much distress in the families of our fighting men.

Awake at Last.

The ribbon of the medal for long service and good conduct has been in use for over eighty years. The other day somebody in the War Office made the startling discovery that it is similar to the ribbon of the V.C. A Council was hastily called and an Army Order issued ordaining that, in future, the Long Service ribbon shall have a white edge! Who now says that Whitehall is not wide awake?

Medals and Rewards.

We know of a battalion which landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula one thousand strong and at the withdrawal had lost not less than 75 per cent. through death, wounds and sickness. The corps was in the thick of the fighting, and many rewards were gallantly won—yet not a single medal or cross has been granted, even the Commanding Officer being unrecognised. We think the matter should be looked into.

The New Gratuities.

In the House of Commons Mr. Forster mentioned that a fine scheme was on foot to give handsome gratuities to time-expired men who had re-enlisted. As a result, whole armies of time-expireds rejoined the Colours, assured that their financial position was secure. None of them, however, seems to have received the cash up to date. The Orders governing the bounty have been issued, and fill four closely printed pages. A better example of a verbal jig-saw puzzle never emanated from Whitehall. Although they may have read themselves into headaches over it, Recruiting and Regimental Officers have mostly given it up, as a bad egg; the Paymasters, we understand—who *must* evolve some sort of interpretation of the document—sit up night after night with wet towels around their heads. We should not be surprised to find that many of the old hands who have come back to duty are diddled.

A Warwick Wail.

The 2/1 Warwick Yeomanry are down in Kent, and they complain that the C.O. does not "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." They do not mind Divine Service parades, but they object to inspections being reserved for Sundays, when they consider they are entitled to a day's rest after an exceedingly heavy week. We can only comfort the Warwick warriors by remarking that they have a soft job, on Sundays, compared with some units that we might mention.

Battalion Beggars.

From the time when the recruit goes up, until he has learned the ropes, he is liable to be fleeced by various N.C.O.s. The Derby men will remember that the sergeants at the Recruiting Stations made sure of having a proportion of the 2s. 0d. granted to the "rookies." The other day in a Southern camp a huge queue of men stood outside a large hut where the mails were being distributed. On the table was an upturned cap with a notice, "Remember the Postmen." Each man when he received his letters had to part with a coin. Again, we noticed at Victoria Station a Corporal going around a large squad whom he had escorted there, making a collection from them for his own benefit. Some of the men told us that earlier that morning the hat had been passed round for the purpose of collecting money for a sergeant who was about to be married. The authorities should take this matter in hand.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

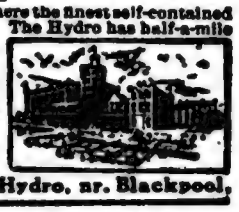
Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

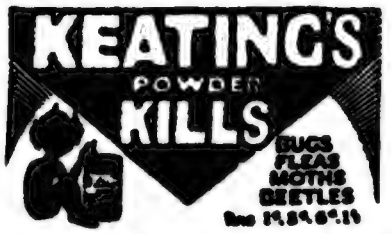
ALLSOPP'S

An Ideal Holiday Awaits You

On the breezy Blackpool Cliffs, where the finest self-contained resort is waiting to welcome you. The Hydro has half-a-mile of Seashore in its own grounds. Electric Lifts. 12 Tennis Courts, Bowling, Croquet, Clock Golf, 18-hole Golf Course, Dancing, Cinematograph, Concerts, Whist Drives, Musical Dinner, 3 Billiard Tables, Large Motor Garage. Write for Hydro Journal to—



J. H. Sherrocks, Norbreck Hydro, nr. Blackpool.



A ZEPTO PENCIL removes tartar and all discolouration, costs ninepence, lasts months. *Keeps your teeth pearly white.*

All Chemists, or T. Christy & Co., Old Swan Lane, E.C.

"ZEPTO"

ZEPTO ANTISEPTIC TARTAR REMOVER

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, *though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Miss E. M. (Maida Vale).—"I don't want to appear pessimistic, but we haven't had a May move yet." We may move in July. Ever heard of "May Week" at Cambridge?

Mrs. D. K. (Glasgow).—Admitted that it is some time since we told our readers to get ready to shout. But shout for what, did we say? We also said "Watch Russia." And now what about it?

J. S. (Croydon).—JOHN BULL never joined in the chorus of fulsome praise of the Kaiser raised by the Press when the Blatant Beast came to England to attend the funeral of the late King Edward.

J. D. (Brighton).—You are one of many who had either a dream or a presentiment in reference to Lord Kitchener's fate. There are evidently more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

C. W. P. (Birmingham), apropos of a recent reply in this column, says:—
"If one thinks for a moment of 'Cholmondeley,'
And then writes 'Horatio Bholmondeley,'
It does not appear
That he has any 'peer'—
The change would be looked upon
'Gloimondeley.'"

"INTERESTED IRISH SOLDIER."—Irish rebels killed Irish soldiers, civilians, and police. You and your comrades would not have been safe. Your uniform would have been your death-warrant. Look at the question all round.

A. E. S. (Westcliff).—"Make no mistake, Black Friday, August 13th, 1916, ends the war." We quoted what a correspondent wrote. You tell us that date is a Sunday. 13 always is an unlucky number.

"DISGUSTED LOYAL BRITISHER" (Dublin).—"Invalid soldiers are openly insulted in the streets; the Sinn Fein badge is worn in hundreds; a little girl had her Union Jack badge snatched out of her coat by a corner boy brat." We know it all—and more.

"AN EARNEST READER" (Inverkeithing).—A man who asks two *Warspite* boys why they ran away from the Germans, and then gets them into trouble because they remonstrated, is—well, the printer would not set it up in type!

"TOTTENHAM."—You cannot forward our coupon, demanding internment for all Germans, to your Member—"We haven't got an M.P. now; we did have one, but he has flown to America." Percy, where art thou?

"AD REM" (Maritzburg).—Answering you: German children are not "all fed and educated by the State," nor are fathers paid "for good work in increasing the nation." There is plenty of poverty in Germany, and more immorality in Berlin than in any other city on earth—Buda-Pesth and perhaps Vienna excepted. The British Fleet is blockading Germany; the French Fleet is keeping the Mediterranean.

MRS. WELLS (Cullompton).—A sailor witness at West London Police Court was said to be the only possessor in the Navy of the Messina earthquake medal. One of your sailor sons also holds this medal, and with it a testimonial from the King of Italy. We raise our hat, madam, to you and your boys.

"AN IRISH SOLDIER" (Dublin.)—Three times wounded, you must be a good soldier, too good to lose your temper unjustly. We have never attacked your religion, or anybody else's.

B. J. (Beckenham).—So that tunnel "down Dover way" is unguarded again! We were told the contrary; if you are correct, it is disgraceful negligence.

L. C (East Dulwich).—Don't know about "Intern Them" badges. You should have filled up our Internment coupon, and got going that way.

J. D. (St. Albans).—Some people believe the loss of H.M.S. *Hampshire* was merely an accident. We don't

A. J. H. (Torquay).—The objection to a tax on bicycles is that they have become a very general means of business locomotion, and much-needed recreation for the workers.

F. C. H. (Bolton).—"Whether the Germhuns are responsible for Kitchener's death or not, every cur of them ought to be interned." And they *would* be, under a Business Government.

Mrs. W N. D. (Thornhill, N.B.).—Have read your husband's letter, but even in Ireland "to shoot first and try after" is not justice, is it?

L. B. (Maidstone).—Yes, Kitchener's Garter Knight's banner has been removed from St George's Chapel at Windsor; but if he had been the Kaiser it would probably be there yet.

"ROCKCLIFFE" (near Carlisle).—In plain English, the Government is permitting the British public to be grossly swindled by the exploiters of food and commodities generally.

S. R. (Walsall).—If the Kaiser won't be interned at Walsall, because there are only three "Fs" in it, what's his chance of internment in Llanfairpwllgwyngyll-gogerychwyrndrobwll-llandysiliogogoch, Anglesey? Enough "Fs" there to fit the whole of the Hohenzollerns.

"LANCASHIRE LASS" (Ormskirk).—Thanks for your cleverly reasoned and thoughtful letter on the subject of the *Hampshire*. You will see from our articles how much we agree.

M. C. S. (Urmston).—Your coupon you consider would be wasted on your Silent Member, Sir George Pollard—so we have sent it to Sir Richard Cooper for you.

J. T. (Lincoln).—We are trying to disentangle your meaning when you say that if we were "a nice, clean vessel which God could use regular" we might "form a grand pillar by which God could hang some golden gates." Now we are wondering whether we would sooner be a "vessel" or a "pillar."

SOLDIER'S WIFE (Shrewsbury).—The pious imbeciles who send "endless chain" prayer postcards to soldiers' wives deserve to be prayed to death by savage soldiers.

"TOM" (Paisley, N.B.).—We think you credit international freemasonry with more power and influence than it possesses. It didn't prevent the war, anyway, nor will it save Germany from the consequences of her vile wickedness.

H. B. (Leeds) thinks conscientious objectors ought to have their heads chopped off. The place of execution would run, not with blood, but with a kind of weak whey.

"YOURS RESPECTFULLY" asserts that under Compulsion "they are taking all the torys and leaving the damm liberals." We don't think it matters. There should be neither "Tories" nor "Liberals" after the war.

"A. BOWMAN" (Manchester).—It doesn't interest us very much to know in what order you read JOHN BULL so long as you *do* read it.

H. S. (Whitechapel, E.).—The salary which the Prime Minister takes, and "intends to continue to take," is £5,000 a year.

C. P. (Worthing).—Is it possible the news has not yet reached Worthing that war was declared between England and Germany on August 4th, 1914?

"A BURNLEY GIRL" wants to know how Burnley can get rid of Philip Morrell. Give him morrell.

J. T. (West Drayton).—There's little doubt that in the unthinkable event of Germany winning the war, the naturalised Germans in Great Britain would make haste to tear up their naturalisation papers and pose as good and faithful exiled subjects of the Kaiser. That's one reason why we demand the internment and deportation of them *all*——rich or poor.

"SURVIVOR" (H.M.S. ———).—It is absurd of you to censure us for our first article on the Battle of Horn Reef. It was based upon the first report issued by the Admiralty, to whom your blame is due for having given the country a painful and unnecessary shock; and, after all, there is little in that article which was not justified by the facts.

"A WEAK WOMAN" (Peebles).—Judging by your vigorous letter, your strength is as the strength of ten, because your heart is—patriotic.

H. B. (Bathgate).—One shopkeeper secured exemption for three assistants; another, with no assistants, is taken, and must close his shop. No wonder there is indignation.

H. E. (1st Can. Contgt.).—Prince Albert, son of Princess Christian, born, bred and fed here, said that as a German prince, his place was in the German army. So there he is; we must watch he does not come back.

W. M. (Dundee).—A schoolgirl called to ask your wife to sign a petition to close public houses, to keep soldiers' wives from drinking. Our whip would suit the people who sent the child.

PTE. F. V. (Porteynon).—There are only 12 of you, all in hospital—yet you got up a concert for comforts for soldiers on service and raised £5 11s. There's nothing like pluck. Good lads!

A. M. S. (Barnstaple).—Good idea that ladies near camps should volunteer to wash and tend soldiers' linen. Local associations should be formed for this very sensible purpose.

A. McD.—The artist who served the War Office by recruiting in his caravan deserved grateful thanks. Instead, when he stood the caravan in his garden at Chelsea, he was summoned by the L.C.C. for not taking out a licence. No wonder the monstrous charge was dismissed.

"DRATTEN" (Boston).—"Fellows too pious to read JOHN BULL get J.B. pens on the cheap by cutting out coupons from the papers they cadge from others." Too impious, you mean.

EVA D. (Dublin).—No use your coming to 93, Long Acre, for "a tight squeeze (the tighter the better)." This is not the squeezing department.

H. P. (Itchen).—Glassmakers at Tipton complain that two of their interned Austrian workmen have been released and are now employed in Yorkshire. After German bakers, Austrian glassworkers; the same old game.

H. R. A. (Crediton).—It is very disgusting that, while our lads are fighting and dying for civilisation—and, incidentally, for the United States—the old Yankee reprobate "Captain" Rand should continue to try to diddle them with his trashy "lucky" stones.

"ANONYMOUS FOR OBVIOUS REASONS."—Your reasons may be obvious to you, but they are clear as Flanders mud to us.

"A LIVERPOOL READER."—Why on earth have you been wearing on a cord a penny dated 1864? So that you should not spend it in a moment of reckless extravagance?

H. D. H. (Hull).—Did you ever hear of any American religious movement that was *not* a money-making enterprise? We daresay Pastor Russell's "religious ideas are sound"—sound and fury.

W. M. S. (B'ham.).—"Indictment" is correctly pronounced "in-dite-ment." Happy to afford you the enlightenment.

J. C. (H.M.S. *Duke of Edinburgh*) and "APPRENTICE TINSMITH" (Belfast).—If you have not already sent money to the Parisian Goldsmiths' Company, High Holborn—*don't!* Their "contest" was a "have" on the usual lines.

J. H. F. (Abergavenny).—So a heavy bar of gold got mixed with the 1864 pennies when in course of being minted. Bah!

LILY M. (Dalston).—Watch the newspapers, and apply at your local Labour Exchange, and you will find out how you can learn to reap and sow, and plough and mow, and be a farmer's "boy."

"HOME FIRES" (U. Tooting).—"A simple explanation of the process of making whisky" would occupy too much space. A simple explanation of the process of *taking* whisky would be rather more in our line.

W. T. (Blackpool).—Write to the Chief Constable, Rye, Sussex, if you have not yet received the boots from H. G. Gasson, of that town, to whom you say you sent 6s. 6d. last March. We have often commented upon this man's unsatisfactory methods of doing business.

"CHARLIE" (Spennymoor).—"If you will not reason with me, to hell with you." We must consider which would be the less painful of the two alternatives.

J. H. B. (Cardiff).—It was bad enough for the Chester newsagent to sell you a postcard "printed in Saxony," but to charge you double the pre-war price for it was adding injury to insult.

C. B. (W. Worthing).—"In a certain shop in Worthing a lady asked for 2d. of fresh cream for her cat." Naughty puss!

"ONCE A MERCHANT."—City men, of knowledge and experience, who have been obliged to close down, should be invaluable in Government departments. To ask a merchant, ruined in business by the war, to accept a voluntary position is a refinement of cruelty.

J. E. B. (Aslton-under-Lyne).—Your complaint that you have not received goods paid for in April from W. H. Clarke, Royal Hampton Nurseries, Middlesex, is not the first we have heard. Certainly write as you suggest.

"CONSTANT READER."—Ramsgate Schools mis-Management Committee decree no more flag days for scholars. Charity is so wicked!

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

WAR COUPONS

Payment for Coupons and Dividend Warrants of War Loan and Exchequer Bonds can be obtained at the Head Office and Branches of Farrow's Bank, Ltd., by holders who are without Banking Accounts.

Full particulars and list of Branches on application.

FARROW'S BANK LTD.

Head Office: 1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

When your first freshness wears off—when the miles begin to multiply—its just then that you will appreciate the superiority of the

BROOKS

—the saddle that is always comfortable

BROOKS BOOK FREE

J. B. BROOKS & Co. Ltd.
92 Criterion Works
Birmingham

MORE MEN and MORE "WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT"

CHEWING GUM.

That's the call—the more men, the more Wrigley's. Every seasoned soldier knows the bracing, satisfying effect of Wrigley's Chewing Gum, and every new recruit should follow "Tommy's" advice and make a special point of always having Wrigley's handy—

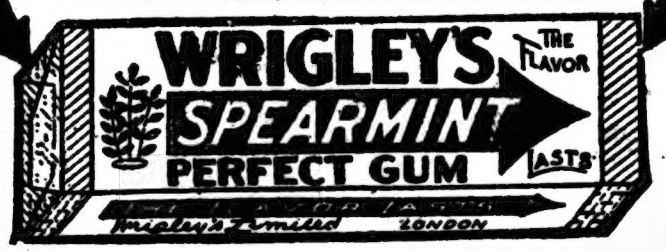
but it must be WRIGLEY'S.

Carry a few bars with you and you will soon forget the hardships of campaign life. Wrigley's keeps the mouth moist, allays thirst, prevents fatigue, and makes a smoke doubly enjoyable. Besides it's splendid for the digestion and teeth, and it keeps the breath sweet. Be sure and carry a packet in your kit! It lasts a long time.

½d. per bar; 2½d. per sealed pkt. 5 bars, or 1/6 complete box of 40 bars.

Millions of bars sold daily. Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Chemists, and all branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, or direct from

WRIGLEY'S Ltd., 8, Lambeth Palace Road, S.E.



YOU NEED A HOLIDAY.

THEN WIN A HOLIDAY PRIZE.

2ND. Prize £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD. Prize £10

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2:10/-

☞ Two more Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 13th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(196) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 196. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 13th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(196) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 197. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JULY 20th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **197** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. **197**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 197.

BRITISH PLUCK	WEEKLY PAYMENTS	BEFORE THE WAR	HANDS OFF
TO SECURE PEACE	TRYING BUSINESS	PRETTY BEAUTY	STAGGERS FATHER
BUTCHER'S BILL	A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE	BIG TALK	LADY FARMER
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION	PLAIN COOK	TAKING LEAVE	REMEMBERING TOMMY
SHOULD BE INTERNED	WITHOUT DOUBT	DIDN'T COME TO PASS	THE KAISER'S FAULT

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 196.

THE BIG PUSH
BRITISH GUNNERS
PACE THAT KILLS
HOME RULE
RAW RECRUIT
A BAD DREAM
WHEN WIFE CARRIES ON
THE WAR OFFICE
SUCCESS
IN THE SOUP
TELLING LIES
THE UNSEEN HAND
AMAZING
SEASIDE COUPLES
ON THE SPREE
WHAT THE NEIGHBOURS THINK
A CHEAP HOLIDAY
WITHOUT CONSCIENCE
A DARING PERFORMANCE
SETTLING TROUBLE
WHAT TOMMY DISLIKES
GERMAN WAITERS
IN WRONG PLACE
FORBIDDEN FRUIT
THE LION'S SHARE
KISSING THE MAID
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER
IN THE LIMELIGHT
FAMILY MATTERS
AFTER THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you :—

Example :—
A CHEAP HOLIDAY.
Bullet :—
DIFFICULT WITH LARGE FAMILY.

Example :—
THE LION'S SHARE.
Bullet :—
FATHER GENERALLY RECEIVES.

Example :—
SEASIDE COUPLES.
Bullet :—
LINGER LONG.

Competitors may send in two **BULLETS** on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated **July 29th.**

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S," dated **July 8th.**

RESULT OF 193RD BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £1,000:—

Mr. GEORGE E. SHEAHAN,
81, Cobourg Street,
Plymouth.

Example:—KING GEORGE.
Bullet:—ON THE "UNLICKED" SIDE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. ROBERT WILSON,
Penrie House, Kelty, Fifeshire.

Example:—BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL.
Bullet:—SOME GET "PARTIAL" EXEMPTION.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:—

Mrs. A. DUNSTER,
22, Pevensey Road, Eastbourne.

Example:—THE SLACKERS.
Bullet:—USUALLY HAVE "FANCY TIES."

FIVE PRIZES OF £10 EACH:—

Mr. J. T. PEWTRESS, 302, Ashton New Road, Beswick, Manchester:
BRITISH SOLDIERS—A PLEASURE TO "NURSE."

Mr. C. S. RUTLEDGE, Banagher, Londonderry, Ireland:
GERMANY WANTS—EXCUSES TO "HOLD WATER."

Mrs. TODD, Oulton Road, Lowestoft:
BEFORE MARRIAGE—HE "AFFORDED" HER AMUSEMENT.

Mrs. J. PARKER, 13, Victoria Street, Norwich, Norfolk:
ASKING FOR PEACE—A "GOOD TIME" COMING.

Mr. JOHN HANNON, 9, Fairmount Road, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.:
THE GIRLS—STILL "WORKING" FOR HUSBANDS.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. DUDLEY MAYNARD, Hilton Avenue, N. Finchley, London, N.:
THE GIRLS—THINGS "WE MAKE FOR."

Mr. FRED FROST, Longbridge Hostel, Northfleet, Birmingham:
CREATES SUSPICION—REPAYING LOAN IN PUB.

Mr. L. HOLLOWAY, 53, Argyle Street, Ryde, I. of W.:
BEFORE MARRIAGE—MISSUS WASN'T SO "PLAIN."

Mr. L. COLMAN, 12, Central Road, Loughboro':
BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL—"HARD LABOUR" GETTING "TIME."

Mr. T. J. THOMAS, Llywelfa, Aberfan, Merthyr Tydfil, S. Wales:
FOOD FOR GOSSIP—POOR WIDOW "FURNISHES" LAVISHLY.

Mr. F. MAYHEW, 62, Foster Hill Road, Bedford:
BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL—"FLIGHT" OF ELOQUENCE.

Mr. JOS. WHITE, 10, Smith's View, Southsea, Portsmouth:
BRITISH SOLDIERS—NOT GERMAN "TOYS" NOW.

Mr. A. CATCHPOLE, 20, Curwen Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W.:
JOHN BULL'S BIRTHDAY—NEWSAGENTS COULDN'T "KEEP" IT.

Mr. T. R. LIDBETTER, 29, Parkfield Road, Willesden, London, N.W.:
A JOLLY NUISANCE—NEIGHBOURS HAVING "OPPOSITE VIEWS."

Mr. F. TURNER, 5, Blenheim Square, Leeds:
A PRETTY FLAPPER—LIKES THE "SOFTEST KID."

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, July 13th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(196) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 196, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No Closing Date, Thursday, July 13th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(196) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s must be sent

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within four eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

July 8th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*)

(a) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

July 8th, 1916.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

"He insisted

on getting the furniture from the 'Midland.' And he was right. There's not a place in the Kingdom that can touch the 'Midland' for value."

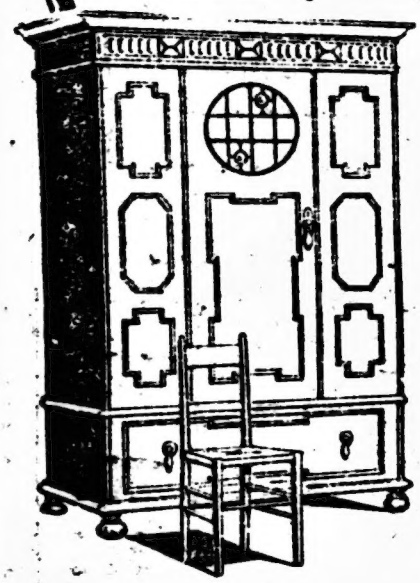
Pick out anything you like from the £100,000 worth of beautifully made furniture in the "Midland" Salons. Compare the plainly-marked price with what you would be charged elsewhere. You will see for yourself that

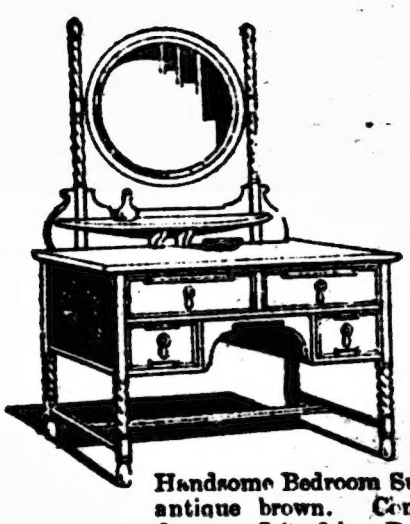
Money buys more at the 'Midland'

Whether you look at the design or the workmanship, at the material or the finish, you will find that for sheer quality the "Midland" is always ahead. And the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to furnish out of income, without disturbing your investments.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.





Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth	Per Month
£10...	£0 6 0
20...	0 11 0
30 ..	0 17 0
40...	1 5 0
5 ...	1 8 0
100 ..	2 5 0
2 00...	4 10 0
500	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Handsome Bedroom Suite in Fumed Oak, designed on Jacobean lines, finished a rich antique brown. Comprising 4 ft. Wardrobe with leaded light and commodious drawer; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and back, and 2 rush-seated Chairs. **£19 19s. 0d.**

10% Discount for Cash.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

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